



JOHN BULL

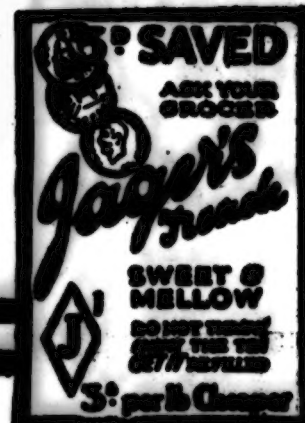
Vol. XXXIII. No. 677.

SATURDAY, MARCH 24, 1923.

TWO PENCE.

Edited by CHARLES PILLEY

THE LARGEST
NET SALES
OF ANY
2d WEEKLY
PERIODICAL
IN
THE WORLD



SNIVEL and DRIVEL by Harold Owen

BACKACHE, HEADACHE AND OTHER ACHES SIMPLY MEAN IMPURITIES IN THE BLOOD

Medical authority says Kidney Pains, Backache, Rheumatic Misery, etc., must positively go when you wash out the acids and impurities which form their direct and only cause. Advices drinking alkaline medicinal water. Easily prepared at home.

WHAT would you think of anyone who expected to get pure water from a filter fouled with impurities? What would you think if he expected a fire to burn in a stove with chimney choked by soot and grate clogged with ashes, or if he expected a petrol motor to run properly when full of carbon deposits? Yet, how often people pay no attention whatever to clogged and congested kidneys or other bodily organs of filtration and elimination, and then wonder why these do not work as they should, why the health is bad, the nerves weak, vitality very low, blood pressure too high, and various aches or pains, skin disorders and other indisputable evidence of impure blood commence to appear.

As filters and blood refiners, the kidneys are so incomparably more efficient than any device ever constructed by man, that they will frequently bear unlimited neglect, abuse and overwork for many years, without protest. It is not unusual for a person to reach the age of forty to fifty years without the kidneys causing him any very apparent trouble. After that age, however, he is likely to pay a heavy penalty for his neglect and find that there is almost no limit to the amount of trouble and pain they can cause. When the kidneys weaken, they soon lose what is called their "selective power," and the cells become damaged by

an impeded circulation of the blood or by body-poisons, with the result that the kidneys no longer control the secretion. In Bright's Disease, not only albumen but even blood may be excreted through the bladder. Similarly, in Jaundice,



The microscope reveals the cause of his misery. Look at those 'uric Acid Crystals.' No wonder they hurt!

Just as a clogged filter cannot purify water, clogged kidneys cannot purify blood, and impure blood is the direct and primary cause of practically all organic diseases and weaknesses. If you doubt

there is excreted bile; in Diabetes, sugar; in cases of Gout and hardened arteries, uric acid and other salts are retained in the blood; in Dropsy, there is infiltration of the tissues—and so on. There is no known cure for some of these kidney diseases after they become far advanced.

this, just try clearing the impurities out by drinking strongly alkaline medicinal mineral water to-day. You will feel so much better to-morrow that there can be no possible chance for doubt as to what did it. But the water must be strongly alkaline. No other kind will answer, because many of the worst impurities and body poisons are of an acidulous nature and only strongly alkaline water can dissolve, neutralise, and flush them out. The best way, and in fact the only satisfactory way to prepare alkaline mineral water at home is to dissolve, in a tumbler of plain hot water, a level teaspoonful of a refined compound known by the registered name of Alkies Saltrates. Drink this medicinal water two or three times a day. There is no need of visiting any expensive hot alkaline spring. The essential constituent medicinal elements of the waters found there were accurately ascertained by analysis and made known to the medical profession long ago. All are exactly reproduced in the Alkies Saltrates compound.

SPECIAL NOTE. We are informed by Saltrates, Ltd. (Dept. 246 G.), Foston Building, 8, London, N.W.1., who prepare a very high grade of Alkies Saltrates, that during the next ten days they are willing, as an advertising offer, to supply anyone interested in the product, with a regular 1 lb. 6d. size packet free if applicant cares to send address for the package, packing, etc.



Mrs. M. S. McLeod,
11, Maryfield, Perobello
earns £20 in one week.



Mr. Richard Higgins,
23 Wily Rd.,
Hole Road, Hull, earns
£20 in one week.



Mr. G. G. Bette, Wood-
bine House, Bow St. Brid-
lington, earns £150
in one week.



Mr. T. Nichols, 7, Abbey
Place, Faveham, earns
£20 10s. in one week.



Mr. W. G. Gammage,
1, Albert Place, Tennant
St. Birmingham, earns
£20 5s. in one week.

Why don't YOU fill the Vacancy?

WHY don't you earn a big salary, too, as a JOHN BULL Subscription Representative, whilst there are still vacancies in the ranks? Anyone can qualify. No experience is necessary; there is nothing to buy; when you commence we give you a Working Outfit free.

Perhaps you have seen these lucrative posts advertised in JOHN BULL before and have wondered whether you, too, could earn money. Hesitate no longer, but write for full particulars to-day. Remember that our largest salaried

men and women had no previous experience when they came to us. People of all ages and in all walks of life are on our pay-roll.

You will be surprised how thoroughly we have paved the way for you. Even if you can devote only a few hours a day to the work, you can put a nice little extra sum in your pocket every week.

But apply NOW. To-morrow someone else in your district may drop into the job that might have been yours. Post the coupon to-day.



WRITE FOR THE 'GOLDEN BOOK'

It explains the plan fully and shows you how easy we have made it for you to earn money right from the start.

SIGN THE COUPON NOW.

—Clip here if you want more money—

To JOHN BULL Insurance Department, Station 2, Long Acre, London, W.C.2.

I desire to become a John Bull Subscription Representative. Please send me, Free on 1 Post Free and without obligation on my part, your "GOLDEN BOOK," and full particulars of your offer.

Name

Address

Date..... J.B. 24 123.

Post this form in an unsealed envelope bearing 1d. stamp.

Why not do as these people did?

Sign the forms and be protected too.

Fire.

LIVERPOOL.—Mrs. E. BARNETT, 8, Weymouth Street, West Derby Road.
BOLTON.—Mrs. E. GRAY, 14, Bradshaw Street.
NORWICH, S.W. 10.—H. L. ADAMS, 42, Highbury Avenue.
MAYLESTONE, N.W. 1.—Mrs. A. B. HURLEY, 14, New Street, Dorset Square.
TOLLEBURY.—W. CARTER, West Street.
WYNDHAM.—Mrs. ALA, 14, East Street.
MANFIELD.—G. HUTCHINSON, 18, Austen Street, Shipbrook.
BRISTOL.—Mrs. L. KERR, 5, Newcliff Court, Penn Street, St. Pauls.
CARDIFF.—J. H. SMALL, Left, 26, No. 9, Road, Ely.
HULL.—Mrs. N. STILL, 2, Oxford Terrace, Cambridge Street.
SHEFFIELD.—Mrs. BARNHAM, 28, Carly Road, Main Bridge.
AIRDRIE.—Mrs. A. CONNOR, Hill End, Calderdale.
SOUTH SHIELDS.—G. DENBY, 18, Maxwell Street.
WALSALL.—Mrs. A. DENBY, 48, West Bromwich Road.
BIRMINGHAM.—Mrs. ATTON, 28, Dells Lane.
NEATH.—W. JONES, 10, Hill Street, Melin Court, Neath.
RHONDA.—Mrs. A. JENNINGS, 2, Taff Street, Clydach Vale.
LOUGHBOROUGH.—Mrs. E. E. HANCOCK, 20, Abbey Road, Barton-on-Sea.
ELY.—Mrs. S. FLEET, Biggin Cottage, Fordham.
LINCOLN.—K. ELEY, 18, Abbey Place.
GREENOCK.—Mrs. N. FLANNERY, 14, Wellington Street.
TOOTING, S.W. 17.—P. A. HAYES, 70, Croydon Road.
PORTSMOUTH.—P. K. HARRISON, 48, Admir Road, Eastney.
RESOLVEN.—S. THOMAS, 2, Bryn Terrace, Melycourt.
SHEFFIELD.—Mrs. WATTS, 78, Cranville Lane.
AYLESBURY.—H. RAY, Marsh.

Storm.

BRISTOL.—O. BARNETT, 14, Stanley Street, Redfield.
PONTFRID.—P. CHAPIN, 8, Lewis Street, Thelwell.
SICKNESS BENEFITS £5 5s.
CHICHESTER.—A. J. BOWELL, 17, Portland Road.
HIGGATE, N. 15.—C. H. TOWARD, 48, St. John's Village.
DOWLAND.—G. HILL, 7, Flag and Castle Court.
GREENOCK.—H. NELSON, 41, Neville St.

Accident Benefits £3 0 0 per week.

MAIDSTONE.—Mr. N. ASHBY, 100, Tonbridge Road.
COWDENBATH, Fife.—Mrs. W. MONTAG, 12, Elgin Street, Lomphannan.
DUDLEY.—Mrs. E. PARRSON, 62, Northfield Road, Netherton.
LEEDS.—Mrs. CLUNSON, 32, Ascot Terrace.

Accident Benefits £1 per week.

PENCK, S.E.—Mr. T. HITCHINER, 55, Hawthorn Grove.
WALSALL.—Mr. A. HARRIS, 48, Corporation Street.
FULHAM, S.W. 6.—Mrs. P. LAWRENCE, 102, Bayview Road.
GLAUCESTER.—Mrs. A. MARSHALL, 60, Victoria Street.
STANTONHAM, Suffolk.—Mr. A. NAV, Castle Street.
OLDKENT ROAD, S.E. 15.—Mrs. E. PERLIS, 40, Rugby Street.
RHISTON.—Mr. A. WILLIAMS, 3, Regent Terrace, St. James Square.
KARLSTOWN.—Mr. J. WILLIAMS, 3, Hamlet Grove, Vista Road.
CHADLEY HEATH.—Mrs. N. BILLINGHAM, 65, Post Oak Street.
H/FACOMBE.—Mrs. BUTLER, 4, Hermitage Road.
CHENTERTON.—Mrs. J. CHURN, 90, Pockwood, Haverley.
KENTON.—Mrs. H. E. DIXON, Kettling Road, Houghton.
CHURCH.—Mrs. I. DRAPP, 2, West Avenue.
CASTLEFORD.—Mr. H. KARR, 21, Railway Side, Hightown.
PONTFRID.—Mrs. J. GOWIN, 5, Owen Street, Rhodella.
ALFORD.—Mrs. A. M. EDDY, Westfield Cottage, Rectory Road, Warkington.
GLAUCESTER.—Mrs. M. A. GARDNER, 13, Russell Street.
NOTTINGHAM.—Mrs. J. HOLLAND, 28, Albion Road.
CAMBERWELL, S.E.—Mrs. J. F. HIRD, 1, Grosvenor Street.
MURTON, S.W. 10.—Mr. R. HOOD, 18, Stephenson Street.
CRUMLIN, Mon.—Mr. W. H. JAMES, 12, Rectory Road.
SHEFFIELD.—Mrs. M. LEE, 22, Swallow Street, Attercliffe.
MANFRED.—Mrs. J. MOORE, 8, Vale Street, Lower Moss Lane, Hulme.
SALTLEY.—Mrs. M. MARR, 6, St. Ann's Place, Devon Street.
HAMILTON.—Mrs. McLAREN, 29, Allenton House, Fernside.
LOWESTOFT.—Mrs. PEEK, 42, Lawson Road.
KIDDERMINSTER.—Mrs. J. PARRIS, 47, Bowdley Street.

Hundreds of names unavoidably held over.

J.B. 24 123 POST THIS COUPON TO "JOHN BULL."
To "John Bull" Registration Department, Long Acre, London, W.C.2.
I have sent an order form to my newsagent for the regular weekly delivery of "John Bull." Please register me as a regular reader.

Name and Address of Newsagent.....

Address.....

Name and Address of Newsagent.....

Date.....
Use 1d. Stamp. Don't send envelope. A full Policy certifying registration will be sent upon receipt of a stamped addressed envelope bearing 1d. stamp.

J.B. 24 123 PLEASE WRITE CLEARLY
HAND THIS COUPON TO YOUR NEWSAGENT.

To (Name of Newsagent).....

Address.....

Please deliver or return JOHN BULL for me weekly until further notice.

Signature.....

Address.....

Date.....



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ECONOMY is the need of the hour, but to economise at the expense of health is folly. Shredded Wheat gives you Health *with* economy. It is the cheapest of all cereal foods and the most economical in use.

Shredded Wheat is *all* nourishment because it is *all* wheat. Every shred is rich in body-building material. And every packet, remember, means money saved.

Shredded Wheat

100 FOOD

is ready to serve with hot or cold milk. Eat it daily for breakfast—and try it for lunch with stewed fruits. It is the perfect food for health, vitality and strength.

COUPON for FREE TRIAL PACKET

To the Shredded Wheat Co., Ltd.,
26, General Buildings, Aldwych, London, W.C.

Please forward me a generous sample packet of Shredded Wheat, free and post free.

Name.....

Address (in full).....

Please write clearly.

WILLS'S

"GOLD FLAKE"

CIGARETTES

10 for 6s
 20 for 1/-

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MADE FROM THE FINEST VIRGINIA LEAF

W.34

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CLARNICO LILY BRAZILS are like a champion team—they win every time.

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Pass the LILY BRAZILS, and even if you don't get half

back you'll reach the goal of popularity everytime. If you forget them you'll want to kick yourself as a penalty.

CLARNICO LILY BRAZILS are a delightful association of choice Brazil-nut kernels, sparkling cane sugar, rich butter, and full-cream milk.

8d. per 1/2 lb.
Of all Confectioners

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For the People—
 the Right to Justice and Truth.

The Paper on
 which the Sun
 :: Never Sets ::

The World, the Flesh, & the Devil

The Editor discourses upon passing events and topics of the day.

In Other Words!

Mr. Ramsay MacDonald says the work of the politician is one long experiment with truth. Which is one of the politest ways of exposing the farce of the political game we have ever heard! **Watch and Pray.**

The Committee of M.P.s formed, with Sir Frederick Banbury as chairman, "to watch the interests of income-tax payers" should be useful. It can watch while the rest of us pray.

Which?

The Chancellor says he can give no particulars of German capital in English banks, which Mr. Newbold wants to see used as reparations payment. Can't or won't?

Only Fit for Heroes.

In the land that was to be fit for heroes to live in, 1 in 27 of the population is in receipt of Poor Law Relief. It has become a land in which no one but a hero can live.

The Price of Victory.

We owe America over nine hundred millions, and have begun to pay it off. Our Allies owe us over eleven hundred millions, and have paid us nothing. We don't say much—but we think a lot.

The Ruhr Awakening.

Germany is waking up to the fact that her effort to bluff France is failing. Now her industrial magnates talk of a further conference. The conference, or confidence, trick is exhausted. The Hun must pay.

A Bad Investment.

The occupation of Constantinople has cost this country £20,000,000. We get nothing for it, and it is a constant danger to peace in the Near East. "Not another day" should be Parliament's orders to the Government.

An Impossible Situation.

The situation in the Ruhr has reached a stage when the Government's policy of "sitting on the fence" can no longer be maintained. All parties are united in the demand for a definite statement of policy one way or the other.

The Russell Verdict.

There will be a universal wave of sympathy for the child whose whole prospects in life have been altered by the verdict in the Russell divorce case. Still, no decent person thinks the worse of a man for an unlucky accident of birth.

We're Getting Tired.

In four years the British taxpayer has found £153,000,000 for Mesopotamia and Palestine. Such figures show up the monstrous madness of the whole mandate system.

Change the Record!

The Board of Trade is "watching the situation" with regard to the building rings. This is becoming a favourite parrot-cry with Departments that want an excuse for inaction.

Set Them to Work.

In the building trade 152,188 men are idle, receiving in unemployment pay £108,500 per week. For this sum 14,000 houses could be built in a year. The moral is obvious.

He Knows the Ropes.

The Kaiser has succeeded in getting "reparations" from Bavaria to the tune of £500,000. The Allies had better find out how he does it—and do likewise.

A Blow to Bolshevism.

Communists are furious with the leaders of the Labour Party for dining with the King and Queen. It was an act of statesmanship that gives the Labour Party its due as a great constitutional power.

Rubbing It In.

Sir Eric Geddes says taxation must be reduced. He showed the Government how this could be done two years ago, and we're still waiting for them to take his advice. And as he was behind the scenes he should know!

Peace With Honour.

The reasonable counter-proposals of the Turks are to hand. They want peace and must have it. The signing of that treaty is the quickest way out of our wasteful Eastern commitments. There must be no more quibbling and delays.

A Bright Idea.

Railway managers want to abolish the name "third-class" and substitute for it "second-class." They tell us that will give us second-class accommodation for third-class fare. Clever, but a third-class carriage is not more comfortable because you call it second-class.

Our Net Sales

The Net Sales of *John Bull*, which are given hereunder are the largest of any twopenny weekly periodical in the world.

Issue dated	Feb. 10th, 1923	668,496
"	" 17th "	679,343
"	" 24th "	685,834
"	Mar. 3rd "	691,539
"	" 10th "	706,503

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 Chartered Accountants.

Digging Himself In.

Lloyd George, who once called Labour the "common enemy," is now giving it the political glad eye. He was always an astute forecaster of future events, and he is going to make sure he backs the winner this time.

Splendid!

The Office of Works is investigating the possibility of improving the circulation and diffusion of air in the House of Commons. If it can devise means of stopping the diffusion of "hot air" it will deserve well of the country!

Disquieting Disclosures.

There have been amazing revelations recently as to the laxity of certification of lunacy and asylum administration. A Royal Commission should be appointed to inquire into the whole question.

Now Bury Her!

Without commenting on the recent round-up of Irishmen in England we don't like the resurrection of "Dora" under which it took place. We had hoped that the unlamented death of this lady was permanent.

War Office Idiocy.

Army doctors have been ordered to wear spurs. Nobody knows why. The order must have been issued by the same gentleman who sent shiploads of sand to Egypt during the War. The military mind is a strange thing!

Peritential Pank.

The refusal of the Nottingham justices to allow wireless installations in public-houses is another victory for cranks over commonsense. So does the organised minority always impose its will on the unorganised masses.

Still "Watching."

The report of the Departmental Committee on Gas Therms says nothing about the dangers of carbon monoxide in gas. While people are still dying from gas poisoning, the Board of Trade is, no doubt, still "watching the situation." Why don't they do something?

Pitiful Fallacies!

Sir Hugh Bell wants to abolish doles because they mean "getting something for nothing." But the unemployed are only getting what they paid for under the Insurance Act. They want work. If Sir Hugh can solve the problem, now is his chance.

Be'ated Justice.

The decision to replace "pin-money women" at Kew by ex-Service men is one that the Ministry of Pensions might have made in the first place. But Government Departments seem incapable of taking a commonsense view until they are kicked into it.

Tell Us His Name.

A hollow mockery it was for the Coroner's jury to return a verdict of "Death from drowning whilst temporarily insane," on the twenty-one-year-old school-teacher, Grace Amelia Webster, of Sutton Bridge, Lincs. Betrayed by some villain, who was prepared to leave her to her shame, her life closed in the cold waters of the River Nene. A moral murderer goes free. Who is the man for whom this poor girl paid the price?

The Penalty of Kindness.

A poor woman taken ill at Mellor Brook sent her young daughter to the Working Men's Club and Institute for a little rum. As it was a case of illness, the steward, Frederick Heap, supplied the liquor. For this he was fined £4 and costs at Blackburn County Police Court. Little wonder that kindly acts are so few and far between. What would have happened if the request for this medicinal liquor had been refused and the woman had died?

The Widow's Cross.

Public indignation is at fever heat over the sentencing of Mrs. Adams (65), a Musselburgh widow who lost two sons and a son-in-law in the war, to thirty days' imprisonment for drawing money without disclosing the fact that she was earning 4s. 6d. a week by light charing. She is now threatened with the loss of her pension. This must not happen. The magistrate who sentenced her should hide his face in shame.

A Travesty of Justice.

When four lascivious larrikins were charged at Fenton with an offence against a sixteen-year-old girl, it was stated that two of them committed the assault while a third held the girl. Yet the magistrates reduced the charge to one of common assault and imposed fines varying from 20s. to 60s. No wonder the streets of Fenton are not safe for girls after dark, when such abominable conduct is punished so lightly.

Looking for Mugs.

People who advertise homework schemes and refuse to disclose the nature of the work until a fee has been paid must not be surprised if their persistent follow-up letters fail to carry confidence. Such are the methods of F. Alexander & Co., of 24, Rushton Street, London, N., who make all sorts of promises but decline information unless a postal order for 2s. 6d. is sent. A reader finds it difficult to understand this attitude. But it isn't worth half-a-crown to find out.

Ex-Soldier's Pauper Grave.

The burial of ex-soldiers by the Government has long been a matter for the utmost dissatisfaction. The latest case is that of a war hero named Madden, who died at Bellahouston Hospital, Glasgow, and who was placed in nothing better than a pauper's grave at Dalbeath Cemetery, Glasgow, because his relatives could not afford to bury the poor fellow themselves. It is such callousness as this that breeds contempt for the Government and its methods.

Send to Guardians.

It is a rare and refreshing pleasure to record generosity in connection with the Poor Law. When a Letchworth man who desired to emigrate to Canada with his wife and children applied to the local guardians for assistance to pay his fare to Liverpool, they not only acceded to his modest request, but granted him £10 to make a start in his new life. An excellent example which might well be followed by other Poor Law Authorities.

The Housing Limit.

William Tollan, a Glasgow miner, was fined £1 for overcrowding his one-roomed house. It was occupied by Tollan himself, his wife and seven children, varying in age from 23 years downwards! The fine was cruel and useless, to a man obviously in poor circumstances, and the Bench would be much better employed in bringing home the gravity of the housing position to the authorities.

Sixty-One-Year-Old Beast.

Prurient beasts like William Hatcher, of 59, South Street, Huddersfield, who indecently assault young girls, should have their licentious careers ended for all time. Hackett is 61 years of age, and his two little victims are nine and twelve. There were twenty charges of assaults against him, and he got twelve months. Such immoral hounds ought to be permanently detained.

War Widows' Pensions.

Saturday night shopping when market prices are at their lowest is often an impossibility to war widows, owing to the fact that their pensions are paid at the beginning of the week, instead of at the end. Anyone but a Government Department would realise that a pension paid on a Friday is more useful than one paid on a Monday. Why can't this be altered? It would not entail any extra labour.

Another Homework Ramp.

John Fenwick, of 12, Starkie Street, Winckley Square, Preston, advertises a homework scheme, supposed to bring in £3 a week. Those who send him the 1s. 3d. he asks for receive a list of recipes for depilatories, anti-tobacco nostrums, and hair-curling fluid, with which it is suggested they can start a mail order business. That the victims are mostly unemployed people who are desperately hard up makes it all the more despicable.

Beautiful Bournemouth.

That Bournemouth is by no means all so beautiful as the pretty photographs in the railway carriages indicate was revealed last week, when Councillor Stocker declared that if he were to publish the figures he had obtained regarding overcrowding, there would be such a public outcry that it might do irreparable harm to the town. The sooner these figures are published, the better. Dirt and disease are not banished by turning out the light.

An Echo of Peru.

The Peruvian emigration scandal which we exposed some time ago finds an echo in the plight of Mr. Ernest Potter, of Gordon Cottages, Curzon Street, Leicester, who was one of the victims. After combing the beach at Callao, he was returned home through the kind offices of the British Consul, and his claim for compensation was assessed at £110. He received £10 last August and cannot obtain the balance. Again we say, "Beware of Peru!" But isn't it time the authorities here made efforts to see that these men get their due?

A Children's Friend.

Mrs. Young, of 106, Bedford Lane, Staines, is a brave and kind woman. A patient in the Staines Infirmary, she says that she saw a nurse beat two baby diphtheric patients. She rebuked the nurse and was told to mind her own business. Mrs. Young has now carried her complaint to the local Ratepayers' Association, by whom it is being submitted to the Ministry of Health, which had already ordered an inquiry into the working of this Institution. A very proper case for inquiry.

Good Hopes Deferred.

A concern called the Good Hope Manufacturing Company, of Montreal, is carrying on the gold-watch game. The only difference from the usual ramp is that applicants, instead of having to buy a worthless chain, are asked to peddle a herbal unguent. So far as the watches are concerned, it seems to be a case of hope deferred making the heart sick.

Pride and Poverty.

Out of work though he is, and with three kiddies to support, Edward Duddy, of Miles Platting, Manchester, has never applied for an unemployment dole, the Army pension to which he is entitled, or relief from the Guardians. Charged with neglecting his children, he called such applications "A Red Flag Business." Surely there is some business man in Manchester who will find a permanent job for a real man like Duddy?

More Mormon Activity.

We note that Mormon "missionaries" are again active, particularly in Lincolnshire, where they have been busy distributing their poisonous pamphlets to young housewives while their husbands are away at work, promising to call again to explain their "religion." It should be worth any working man's while to take a day off so as to give these oily hypocrites the reception they deserve when they pay a second visit.

Here We Go Round!

A West Croydon man wanted to obtain a refund for some unused Entertainment Tax stamps. He applied at Notting Hill, but was told to go to Hammersmith. From here he was sent to Shepherd's Bush, then to Wimpole Street, and finally to Paddington, where he was informed he would have to wait 21 days before getting the refund! Here is a real opportunity for one of the many new ministers to distinguish himself!

Forty Shillings for a Rich Man.

The proper place for drunken road-hogs is jail. That sound advice was given by one of our judges, and Goole's Magistrates missed their chance of taking it when they had Oliver Sutcliffe, of Ellwood, Bridlington, before them. Why they went out of their way to express their regret that Sutcliffe was before the Court, we fail to understand. That he was of independent means only made the forty-shillings fine more ridiculous.

The Sweep Fever.

Mr. H. Buckler, of 38, Nechills Park Road, Birmingham, is one of hundreds who have received touting circulars offering tickets in the Calcutta Sweep. He asks for our advice. It is to let the touts alone. The Calcutta Turf Club is trying to limit the activities of these ingenious gentry. Apparently they still find it profitable to appeal to the unwary. They give no guarantees—except their own promise—in our opinion quite valueless.

Racing System Stillness.

An anonymous tout who sends out racing system circulars headed "Vendetta" from 3, Bloomsbury Court, Bloomsbury Square, London, W.C., claims that "Loss is an impossibility—past, present, or future," and continues: "The bookmaker is powerless, as you receive full payment over winners, but do not lose over losers." Dear us! And with a glorious system like that he wants you to send him £2 10s. or £10. Whatever for? Why he must be rolling in wealth.

Sweating on the Land.

A prosperous agricultural industry is essential to the well-being of the nation, but this result must not be attained by sweating the agricultural labourer. Such an offer as that of twenty-eight shillings for a sixty hour week, which is being made in Pembroke, is enough to drive the average worker to despair. It is a disgrace to the country.

A Case For Caution

Mr. Tom Leeson, of Grasmere House, Hall Road Avenue, Handsworth, Staffordshire, is a bookmaker who claims to have invented a "Dreadnought" system for the benefit of his clients. In his booklet he says that his testimonials have been examined by the Editor of JOHN BULL. We have never examined them. We do not scrutinise or guarantee bookmakers' testimonials.

Putrid Meat in the Potte.ira.

What a sordid wretch Thomas Bellamy, of Fradswell Heath, must be to unload putrid meat upon poor people in the Potteries for profit! Shocking is such an offence, and it calls for severe punishment; but the loss of the £30 and five guineas for costs the magistrates ordered him to pay may hurt him more. Such men ought to be made to eat their putrid stuff themselves.

The "am. Old "Way."

We continue to receive inquiries regarding A. J. Way, who advertises for ladies to knit art silk jumpers at home. He now sends out his circulars from 5, Took's Court, Farnival Street, Holborn, London, E.C. We can only repeat that his attractive looking proposal is mere camouflage to induce people to buy his art silk, and those who hope to earn a living by turning it into jumpers for him are courting disappointment.

Wisdom.

The London County Council exercises a wise discretion in declining to spend ratepayers' money to brief lawyers in appeal against the decision of the North London Magistrate that it is not illegal for cigarettes to be sold from automatic machines after shop-closing hours. The average citizen is thoroughly sick of these petty restraints and mustn'ts of the law; tired of being spanked and put to bed for doing no wrong to anybody.

Punished For Working.

Mr. W. H. Cook, a wounded ex-service man living in Ethel Road, Custom House, went down to Kent to do some hop-picking last autumn, and on returning applied to the Labour Exchange at Abbotts Road, Poplar, for the resumption of his unemployment pay. It was refused on the ground that he was not seeking work during his absence, and his claim is still disallowed. It is this sort of shabby and inane treatment which makes unemployed insurance a by-word among the workers.

Tied to a Bru'e.

Cases like that of Mrs. Sarah Burrell, of Norwich, show the absurdity of our divorce laws. Her husband, James Burrell, a fruiterer, has constantly ill-treated her, and the ill-treatment culminated in his wrenching her ear partly away from her head. The local Bench sent him to three months' hard labour, and granted Mrs. Burrell a separation order. Unless she can prove adultery against him, she remains legally tied to the brute for the rest of her life. And yet we find so-called Christians protesting against the proposed changes in our one-sided Divorce Laws!

Can You Wonder?

The housing problem has been solved—at Bagdad. The report of the Comptroller of the Treasury expresses regret that £182,334 should have been spent on a home for the High Commissioner without Treasury sanction. No wonder Sir Percy Cox does not want to quit.

A Treasury Illusionist.

Not only was this huge sum taken and spent without the sanction of the Treasury, but the Comptroller draws attention to a similar incident nearer home. £5,000 disappeared from a strong room at the office of the Public Trustee. What next?

Bulb Growers' Harvest.

Another firm of the seed tribe against whom we warn our readers is the Anglo-Dutch Bulb Co. Some time ago a reader who forwarded a cheque for a consignment has not even received an acknowledgment, although the cheque has been passed through. At this rate these Anglo-Dutchmen must be reaping a rich harvest.

A Brute of a Father.

Four months' imprisonment is not too much punishment for George Thomas Lyons, of Leyland, for brutally ill-treating his thirteen-year-old son. The lad was accused of stealing a cake, as he was half-starving. The inhuman father thrashed him unmercifully and threw him out naked in a heavy rain. Here is a savage for whom a special form of punishment ought to be invented.

TAKE SHORT VIEWS.

By the REV. R. J. CAMPBELL, D.D.

AN acquaintance of my younger days once told me that the most trying part of his life came soon after his marriage. Through no fault of his own he found himself out of work, his home responsibilities doubled, health unsatisfactory, trade bad, personal resources meagre in the extreme.

Deeply depressed one day, after sustaining a succession of rebuffs in his search for a new position, he wandered into the Manchester Free Library and picked up a magazine. The first words his eye fell on were these: "If you want to be unhappy think about the future."

He instantly realised that this was what he had been doing. Staring gloomily into the future he had been able to see nothing but menace; he had lost heart and hope.

The warning had a tonic effect. He pulled himself together and went out with a smiling face to renew the battle of life for the sake of the young wife who trusted him and the child that was not yet born. He would not look too far forward. "One day at a time" became his motto. The struggle was a long one, but he won in the end, chiefly because he refused to allow his strength and resolution to be sapped by the thought of what might or might not happen in the future.

There is nothing wrong in thinking about the future. We are obliged to think about the future more or less, and to dream rosy dreams of the future does no one any harm provided it does not inhibit action. To refuse to think about the future at all is as foolish as living in dread of it.

But let not the shadow of to-morrow darken the sky of to-day. When evil threatens, it is well to ask ourselves whether it is to-day's evil or to-morrow's that is feared, or mayhap that of a day that will never dawn.

Be happy to-day if you can. You know no more of to-morrow than you do of next year.

Dry America's Lesson.

The cranky minority who are seeking to impose prohibition on the people of Britain should take particular notice of a list of liquor traffickers' clients unearthed during a police raid in Washington. Even the names of judges figured on the list. Which, of course, provides yet another proof that prohibition does not prohibit.

A Real Bad Lot.

The kill-joys of Pwllheli are in full cry. Mr. Thomas Ellis has discovered that money is squandered in football and racing. Mr. Lloyd Humphreys wants to stop raffles at Church bazaars, and Mr. Thomas Owen is deeply concerned because certain persons play cards for money on Sundays! Terrible! We hope the three gentlemen spend their Sundays in sack-cloth and ashes—chiefly ashes.

Money for Nothing.

The practice of tradesmen retaining customers' cash deposits should be stopped. A girl who saw a coat in a large store in High Street, Glasgow, paid a deposit of 10s. on the article, but later found that her mother had bought her a coat elsewhere. She asked the firm to give her other goods to the value of her deposit, but they refused. A most reprehensible state of affairs.

Why the Church is Unpopular.

"Church workers are too jealous of one another and gossip too much," said the Rev. A. Douglas Brown to the Scunthorpe and Frodingham Church people. He might have added that the Church is unpopular with the masses because many of the arrogant bigots who lead it try to compel their neighbours to order their lives on a narrow plan which makes life not worth living.

Misplaced Philanthropy.

An appeal is being made, under the auspices of a number of well-known clerics, including the Bishop of Manchester and Dean Inge, for contributions in aid of the student class of Germany, who, it is stated, are undergoing great hardships. With one in twenty-seven of our population obtaining poor relief, and 12,000 ex-officers unemployed, we do not need to go to Germany to find deserving objects on which to bestow our charity.

Spitting the Big Guns.

The sentence of six months, passed on Montague Humphrey, a British subject, of 57, Rasinghall Street, E.C., for illegal dealing in dope, throws light on this subject, with which we deal elsewhere in this issue. The deal ran into thousands, and involved dope that would have made doses for millions of drug victims. We are glad the authorities are going after the big guns of the traffic. We will help them to get closer on the track of the big and secret organisation to which we again refer in this week's article.

A Good Landlady.

In our last issue, under the heading "Reunited in the Workhouse," we dealt at some length with the plight of a family at Church Street, Paddington, who, through the housing shortage, had been turned out of certain basement rooms. It ought, however, to be made perfectly clear that this was no fault of the landlady's, who was compelled to do what she did under the by-laws of the Paddington Corporation. In point of fact, we are satisfied that the landlady treated this family with every consideration, and if our article conveyed a different impression, we are extremely sorry.

DRIVING A DYING MAN MAD

Rank Injustice by the Home Office.

BROKEN in health, without financial resources, under notice to leave his rooms in 13, Highbury Grove, N.5, failing in memory, with a wife and two children dependent upon him—that is the terrible predicament of Ernest Taylor.

He has been trying to earn his living as a photographer. But his little girl got ill—and he had to pawn his camera to save her life.

Poor Taylor declares that his mind is going under the strain. Already he begins to look forward to incarceration in a lunatic asylum as a relief.

He has been deprived of his rights by the Home Office, which has refused him the compensation he is entitled to for injuries received in the public service.

Eighteen years ago Taylor, who was a prison warder, was in sole charge of eight murderous ruffians, who were working in the wood yard at Wandsworth.

He had rebuked a man for foul and filthy language and refusing to work, when he was knocked senseless by a savage blow on the skull, with a sledge hammer.

When he recovered consciousness he crawled back to his superior officer and reported. He was not taken at once to hospital. He was told to carry on till relieved—two hours later.

He did. Then he was carried home and lay for months in hospital, often delirious, often unconscious, always in pain.

The authorities callously refused to give compensation. Taylor declined to accept this grossly unfair decision. For eighteen years he has kept imploring them to revise it. In vain.

Queen Alexandra, touched by his sufferings, gave him ten pounds on one occasion, and sent a letter to the Home Office. Months later her Majesty's secretary wrote that Queen Alexandra had not received the courtesy of a reply from this haughty and callous department. That was in Mr. Shortt's time.

The Home Office refused to pay, alleging that Taylor had suffered from epileptic fits. An amazing answer.

If it were true it would be no ground for refusing compensation. It is not true. Dr. Theodore Fennell, Medical Officer of H.M. Prison, Knutsford, who knew Taylor as a boy, has made a statement that the injury caused epilepsy.

Dr. Pritchard, of London, has also certified that Taylor's condition is due to the sledge-hammer blow. So has Dr. Collier, Assistant Physician to St. George's Hospital, and to the Hospital for Epileptics. So has Dr. Alcock, of Caledonian Road, N.

In spite of these highly-skilled certificates, the Home Office refuses an inquiry.

Will Mr. Bridgeman, the new Home Secretary, look into this gross injustice?

A Grave Judicial Scandal

The Inner History of an Amazing Law Suit

The following article proves beyond question that in the Antique Furniture Case the ordinary rules of procedure were flagrantly violated and the deliberate order of the Lord Chief Justice set at defiance.

TRUTH will out, even in an affidavit," once observed the cynical Mr. Justice Darling. Bit by bit we are able to piece together the amazing chain of circumstances which led up to the recent judgment of Sir Edward Pollock in the Antique Furniture Case—a judgment so remarkable that it has spread consternation in business circles. Already we have bluntly stated our opinion that the judgment of the Senior Official Referee involved a grave miscarriage of justice. Beyond a shadow of doubt we have proved that in his dealings with Basil Dighton, Limited, the genteel furniture dealers of Savile Row, Mr. Adolphe Shrager was induced to pay fabulous prices for the furniture Dighton sold to him. We have shown that many of these transactions were tainted with deception, and that when applying to the Senior Official Referee for redress the ill-used plaintiff was laughed out of Court. Surely a most extraordinary chapter of legal history. How did it all happen? We shall see.

The case of Shrager v. Dighton and Lawrence—it will be remembered that Lawrence was the "glorified salesman" of the gentlemanly Mr. Basil Dighton—was referred to an Official Referee by order of the Lord Chief Justice for the simple reason that an intricate and prolonged financial investigation was involved, and it is customary to refer such cases to the Official Referees.

However, the bare reference to "an Official Referee" did not satisfy the defendants, and Sir Ernest Pollock, K.C., was instructed to apply to the Court that the case should be tried by Sir Edward Pollock, who incidentally happens to be Sir Ernest's uncle. This application met with little favour

from the Lord Chief Justice, who thought matters had better take their course, and the case pass into the Official Referees' list in the ordinary way, to be taken by the Referee next on the rota.

Obviously this was a perfectly proper decision, and if the case of Shrager v. Dighton had gone into the list of Mr. Referee Scott, whose turn it was to take it, there would be no more to be said. But the wingers had not finished wangling; they had scarcely begun. For some reason or other those who instructed Sir Ernest Pollock were determined that "Uncle Edward" should try the case, and, as we shall see, the defendants finally got their own way.

There were fresh attempts by the defendants' solicitors privately to obtain Mr. Shrager's consent to the case going into the list of the Senior Official Referee. These efforts failed. By all the rules the case should have been tried by Mr. Referee Scott, who, as we have said, was next on the rota. The procedure in such matters is that when a Judge has referred a case to an Official Referee, it is the plaintiff's duty to take the Judge's order to the Clerk to the Senior Official Referee, who will allot the case to the referee next in order on the rota—on this occasion, Mr. Referee Scott.

But when the solicitors for the plaintiff in Shrager v. Dighton approached the Clerk for this purpose they were met with the amazing announcement that, contrary to all rules, the case had already been allotted—to Sir Edward Pollock. It was to be tried by "Uncle Edward," after all.

This was done on the very day the certificate following on the Lord Chief Justice's order was drawn up.

Although the plaintiff was quick, others were quicker. Why this haste? Before the Lord Chief Justice, the late Mr. Disturnal, for the plaintiff, had objected most strongly to the case being taken out of its turn and poked into Sir Edward Pollock's list.

Very soundly the learned counsel argued that it was not a proper thing for a case to be taken out of its rotation at the request of one party to the suit and earmarked for a particular Referee. The Lord Chief Justice agreed with Mr. Disturnal. But "Uncle Edward" tried the case, which culminated in a judgment so amazing as to give business men and lawyers alike the biggest shock of their lives.

There was no reason why Mr. Referee Scott should not try the case; there was every reason why it should not be tried by Sir Edward Pollock. Why, then, was this scandalous shuffle permitted? Who pulled the strings?

We allege positively that the transfer to Sir Edward Pollock's list was effected in flagrant violation of the order of the Lord Chief Justice. Sir Edward was not the next Referee on the rota; another Referee, if not two others, both judges of the greatest experience, were passed over, and if reports from the Temple are true, at least one of these gentlemen contemplated, if he did not actually make, an official protest against the action which had been taken.

Why was the case of Shrager v. Dighton omitted from the list of Mr. Referee Scott, and by what may almost be called forcible means inserted in that of Sir Edward Pollock? With a full sense of responsibility and in the public interest we ask for a full explanation of the mysterious circumstances in which the case was entered out of turn, and against the rules, in the list of Sir Edward Pollock, whose nephew was leading counsel for the defendants. Who did this thing? Why was it done? How was it done? Like the inquisitive gentleman in "Little Dorritt" we "want to know."

And we mean to know. The whole affair is too serious to be permitted to remain in the twilight of suspicion. The circumstances must be probed to the bottom.

Whether at the advanced age of eighty-two Sir Edward Pollock retains sufficient of his old acumen to decide a case of this complexity is not a matter with which we are now concerned. The main thing is that in the case of Shrager v. Dighton something was done which ought not to have been done; the rules were broken; the order of the Lord Chief Justice was defied.

We may even go so far as to say that the pitch was queered. Who did it? Why was it done? How was it done? We mean to know.

SNOWBALL PROSPERITY

A Get-rich-quick Insurance Scheme

THE EARL OF CARRICK, who is a director of Prosperity, Limited, must sometimes, like the famous character in history, stand astonished at his own moderation. It was certainly a conspicuous effort at self-restraint to refrain from calling this concern Prosperity Unlimited.

This extraordinary business is exploiting a brilliant conception in insurance—the adaptation of the snowball to getting rich quick. Here is the plan.

You pay Prosperity, Ltd., thirty-five shillings. For this you get your life insured by a well-known insurance company for £35 for two years. If you die in that time you win. If you don't, you lose. In any case you have paid thirty-five shillings for a policy which costs Prosperity, Ltd., only sixteen shillings.

So far that would not be a very brilliant transaction. But that is

not all. You are entitled to introduce ten more subscribers, on the same terms. And you are entitled also to commission of two shillings a head on their subscriptions.

That is a trifle, only the beginning of the snowball. Each of your subscribers is entitled to introduce ten more, and again you get commission. The ten more each get ten more—now the snowball is growing—and for each, you, as the parent subscriber, get the usual commission—until the seventh generation of subscribers is reached.

If you carried out this scheme, and all your subsidiary subscribers did the same, your seventh generation of commission-earning insurance children would number ten millions.

We strongly advise people who want to insure not to pay thirty-five shillings for a sixteen-shilling policy, even with the added prospect of a possible million pound commission.

The Millionaire Dope King

OUR fearless exposures of the drug traffickers of Chinatown have caused such consternation amongst the Orientals that they have split into two sections, the good and the bad, and war between them has been declared. A band of Oriental crusaders has been formed to deal with the infamous Chung Yee Tong society. It remains for the authorities, however, to take action against such rogues as we expose here.

WE are steadily winning in our crusade against the Chinese dope gang, and against the infamous Chung Yee Tong, the secret murder society, or Ku Klux Klan of China, which has fastened its fangs on this country.

No articles on the Chinese dope traffic that have appeared in the Press have produced the sensation aroused by the frank exposures made in JOHN BULL.

The results have been amazing, and promise to have world-wide effect. Chinese residents in this country, alarmed at the criticism evoked by the criminal conduct of their fellow-citizens, are banding together to aid in clearing out the evildoers, in removing the dangerous stigma.

At a meeting of respectable Chinese held in Liverpool recently, the whole question was discussed, and it was decided to send a special delegate to London to wait upon JOHN BULL, and offer co-operation in cleansing this country of the stain of debauchery, pollution and corruption we have exposed.

Good Chinese societies have been specially promoted to help Chinese seamen and other immigrants who desire to shake themselves free of the dope habit, and to break the shackles that bind them to the secret gangs that intimidate and rob them.

A special cure for the dope habit, to which so many Chinese are addicted, is now being circulated amongst victims, and every help is being extended to them.

But these things, though they mean an awakening to the Chinese peril by its nearest victims, do not promise to solve the problem. That can only be done by rooting out the arch criminals, the pestilent Chinese fiends who flourish on the traffic.

Here is an amazing and true story of one of the leaders of the traffic, the man who was once one of the heads of Chung Yee Tong in this country, and only left that society because he thought he would do better as an independent "trader."

Ten years ago a Chinese seaman boarded at Calcutta a ship bound for this country. An unpleasant fellow, he became involved on board with another seaman, and in the fight which followed he sustained a permanent injury. He deserted at Cardiff.

To-day, this mutilated Chinaman is a person of affluence and importance in London, Cardiff and Liverpool. He holds a first-class season ticket to London, and travels several times a week between these cities. Respectful railway porters touch their caps to this impressive figure, with the gold-rimmed glasses and gold-mounted cane and general air of distinction.

He is a repeatedly convicted undesirable, and should long since have

been deported from this country. His name is in our possession. He has houses in Liverpool's "Chinatown," and other freehold property.

How has it all been done? What is the secret of his prosperity?

When he came to this country he worked as a cellarman in a Chinese grocer's shop in Cardiff. Saving a few pounds, he went to Liverpool and started selling liquor after hours. Further, he trafficked in opium, cocaine and morphia. Bold, unscrupulous and secretive, acting through agents and dupes, he has made much money.

Some time ago he was convicted of attempting to bribe the police who raided his premises for illicit liquor. He was fined heavily.

He smiled behind his gold-rimmed glasses and paid up. A fine is nothing to a man like this, who, though he has a Chinese wife in Foo Chow, keeps four white women in this country, two of them mothers of his children.

Why is he not deported?

Later he was sentenced to three months' hard labour and recommended for deportation when opium was found on his premises. He appealed, and persuaded the Court that he was not really the occupier—though the gas meter was in his name. He had a manager in his pay, for the purpose of taking the blame. The manager, who was highly paid for

taking the blame was sent to prison and afterwards deported.

Again this yellow fiend smiled behind his gold-rimmed glasses, and continued to console himself with his multiplicity of wives and his rapidly growing bank account.

The months rolled by. He was next caught red-handed with his cook while actually cooking the opium in one of his dens and was fined. He was not deported. Why?

Quite recently one of his houses was raided by the police and opium found there. Somebody else in his employment took the blame. The real culprit once more escaped deportation. Why?

Why is this man allowed to remain here, while the lesser fry are sent out of the country? Is it because of his international influence? It is admittedly great.

He has agents in Holland, Calcutta, Port Said, Poplar and Cardiff. They are all Chinese or coloured men. They send him the stuff by Chinese seamen and other emissaries. He hands it over to white women who peddle it. He employs them by the score and never carries the stuff himself.

When he travels from Liverpool to London or Cardiff he usually has a well-dressed white girl with him. He travels back alone. The girl brings the stuff by another train. The real criminal keeps away from

her. He is taking no risk. That is a job for his employees.

He deals in big quantities. Some time ago the police got wind of a big quantity of opium—three hundred and fifty pounds weight—that had been sold in Pennysfields, Poplar. They got on the track. It was traced to Liverpool and found, buried underground, in one of the dens run by this arch-fiend of vice.

This silent-treading, unobtrusive Chinese trafficker in debauchery—he is called the Poison Snake by his fellow countrymen—has other interests and ways of making money.

He runs a series of gaming houses. At two of them Pukka-Poo is played; at the others Fan-Tan is the favourite. Scores of people frequent these dens, and also the opium joints run by this universal provider of vice.

He stations his outposts carefully. The police send well-known detectives along. Their approach is signalled. When they arrive there is no gaming, only a few tired Chinamen, reading or sleeping.

The Poison Snake of Chinatown smiles behind his gold-rimmed glasses, and laughs at the idea of deportation.

Recently a house kept by an alien of a different race closely associated with him was raided as a brothel. A number of girls were found on the premises, and plenty of wine, whisky and other refreshments.

The Poison Snake is keeping very quiet at present. He has read the articles in JOHN BULL. They have been specially translated and printed in Chinese, at the expense of the Chinese community, to warn the Chinese immigrants and residents of the dangers of this traffic.

He believes that he is safe. He has hidden his supplies of cocaine, opium and morphia successfully. He has his many agents working for him, and he thinks of retiring on his big profits.

Since he was deposed from his position on the Chung Yee Tong, with which he had to divide his profits, he has done extraordinarily well financially.

Intimidation is his favourite weapon. His poor dupes fear him, and naturally suppose that a man who can so easily and so constantly hoodwink the police is not a man to be lightly disobeyed.

If this man's activities were brought to a summary end, a mortal blow would be struck at the dope traffic in this country, and a serious beginning would be made in clearing up the dens of nameless vice so profitably run by degenerate Chinese in Liverpool, London, Glasgow and Cardiff.

The Home Secretary can deport any Chinese resident in this country if he has reasonable ground to suppose that he is an undesirable.

Is it necessary, in view of this man's record, to say more?

THE RAMP OF RUSTICANA

Stormy Meeting After Our Exposures

IN our issue of February 24 we dealt with a concern called Rusticana, Ltd., whose general manager is Mr. F. Nettlingham, and we strongly recommended would-be investors to steer clear of it.

Our article had a swift and dramatic sequel. Nettlingham had an office in Bush House, Aldwych. The office is now closed.

Nettlingham will find no more "mugs" to put money in Rusticana, Ltd., even though he used, as he did, false documents to mislead investors.

He made use of an alleged valuation of his property, estimated at £47,000, by Mr. G. Scarborough Taylor, P.A.S.I., of Buntingford, Herts, a well-known surveyor. We hold a letter from Mr. Taylor saying that he made no such estimate, but definitely refused to do so in writing.

Nettlingham then issued an undated and unaddressed circular, inviting an extraordinary general meeting to pass a resolution voluntarily winding up the Company, as it was unable to pay its debts.

This meeting took place on Monday, March 12, at 184a, Oxford Street, London, W.1, the offices of Messrs. Helme and Harman.

At the meeting Nettlingham ad-

mitted that he was an undischarged bankrupt. It was not a harmonious meeting. Mrs. Nettlingham, as a big shareholder, was in the chair, and those present were a solicitor acting for a Bristol client who had invested money, and one or two clients who acted for themselves. They demanded a compulsory winding up, and the meeting was adjourned for a week.

Nettlingham was unable to give any satisfactory account of what had become of the money invested in the concern, and was not at all clear as to how many people had invested money in Rusticana. The only thing he was clear about was that the money had gone.

One illuminating feature about the meeting was that a man and his wife, financially interested in Mr. Nettlingham, were not permitted to remain. Why did Nettlingham object to their presence?

Now that Rusticana has hauled down its flag, and admitted insolvency we suggest to the victimised shareholders that they take other and more drastic steps to cope with Nettlingham.

They might do worse than tell their story to the Public Prosecutor.

The Wickedest Man in the World

IN this article we reveal startling facts regarding the corruption of children in Aleister Crowley's "cesspool of vice" in Cefalu, and describe some of the blasphemous and bestial ceremonies—or orgies—which have taken place in the so-called "Abbey of Thelma," for which he is now seeking new recruits from the young men and women of two English Universities.

IN our last two issues we have published a series of charges against a man named Aleister Crowley, who from a safe retreat on the shores of Sicily spreads a contaminating influence that has already brought to ruin more than one promising young life. The more the activities of this degenerate Englishman are investigated, the more incredible becomes the tale of his villainies. It is understood that the Italian Government are resolved to put an end to Crowley's career of vice, and in this effort they will have the sympathy of decent-thinking people in every land.

Our past exposures of Crowley have been, to say the least of them, highly sensational, but they are as nothing compared to those we have yet to make concerning the amazing record of this degenerate poet and occultist, traitor, drug fiend, and Master of Black Magic, his knowledge and practice of which are amply proven by his writings and by the evidence of those who have come into contact with him. He may well be described as the Wickedest Man in the World.

We are impelled by the sheer horror and gravity of his recent devilries to make further exposures concerning what is going on in his Lust Temple at Cefalu, Sicily, to which he is seeking to lure a number of unsuspecting students from Oxford and Cambridge Universities—both men and women—under the pretence of studying occult science and the mysteries of the Cabbala. Already, one eminent Cambridge professor—whose identity is known to us—has arranged to join Crowley at Cefalu next month for this purpose, and is now working with a well-known titled scientist in South Africa, who is, we are informed, conducting a

Lodge or "Study Circle" in Bloemfontein, of the Cabalistic Order, of which Crowley is the Past, if not the Present, Grand Master.

Our revelations of the sinister circumstances leading to the recent death of a brilliant young Oxford graduate at Crowley's so-called "Abbey," in Cefalu, first brought to light the existence there of three little children, all between five and seven years of age, who are living there with the Beast and his abandoned acolytes under conditions that defy description.

These unhappy children—two boys and a girl—are said to be half-starved and have already been taught by "The Beast" to indulge in the vilest practices, while they are made to witness sexual debaucheries that are too disgusting to describe. Two are the children of one of the female drug fiends who are living with Crowley in his "Abbey," one of them by her former husband, and the other by Crowley, who is the father also of the third child by some other of his countless women victims.

The main room of the "Abbey"—which is really a converted farmhouse—is windowless, with a flagged stone floor on which is painted a great orange circle, lined with pale yellow. Inside this "magical circle" are inter-laced black triangles. This room is furnished as a sort of pagan, or Pantheistic, temple, in which are performed, not only Cabalistic ceremonies, but the most depraved forms of Dionysian rites. (Dionysus was the Greek God of Wine, in whose honour Bacchanalian revels and orgies were given.)

The nature of these can be barely hinted at, but one—to the facts of which we have two independent eye-witnesses of its performance on two separate occasions—has to do with the

violation of a naked woman in front of the "altar," and her subsequent slaying and "sacrifice" of a goat, which is made to play a principal part in these disgusting Dionysian rites.

The woman, who acts as the "Virgin Goddess" or priestess in this vile ceremony, is first given an aphrodisiacal drug, such as hashish (known in the East as "Vhang") or another similar drug distilled from Indian hemp, known in scientific circles as "Anhalonium Lewine." This renders the debauchee capable of participating in practices which no normal person could conceive of, much less describe.

We understand that, aroused by our exposures, the Italian Government is determined to clean out this plague-spot of crime at Cefalu, and bring Crowley to justice for his illegal traffic in noxious drugs.

There are, however, other "activities" at the Abbey which admit of more detailed accusation. One of these is the method employed by Crowley of paying his numerous debts on the island, by sending out his women as "hostages" to those who are willing to accept this despicable method of payment.

Another, which has considerably hampered our inquiries, and is even calculated to baffle the inquiries which have already been instituted by the Home Office and by Scotland Yard, is Crowley's practice of getting certain prominent and highly-placed citizens of Cefalu and Palermo up to his "Abbey," where they are persuaded to take part in the sexual orgies which follow drug parties, and which even form a leading part in the Abbey's "religious ceremonies."

We shall not hesitate to hand to the authorities the names of some of these distinguished visitors, together with further sworn testimony if, as we

anticipate, a certain official on the Island endeavours to stifle Government investigations.

Suffice to say for the moment, that one of Crowley's women in the "Abbey" is shortly expecting another child to be born, the father of which is known to be a prominent banker in Palermo, who is a friend of the British Consul.

We may mention that, up to the time of this article going to press—no death certificate has been received by the relatives of the young Oxford graduate who died under such mysterious circumstances at the Abbey four weeks ago, nor has any reply been received from the British Consul at Palermo to the anxious inquiries made by the young man's mother and sister concerning his death.

Another of the women inmates of the Abbey has borne two children by Crowley, both of whom are now dead. This woman was living with him when he had his London Lust Temple in the Fulham Road, to which he enticed a number of young women whom he induced to indulge in various forms of unnatural vice while under the influence of drugs which he had administered first to them. Since our publication of the particulars of his abominable attack upon the life and sanity of one of our informants, we have received information which shows that he has deliberately driven other women mad who had come under his influence. One of these died in Holloway Jail while serving a term for being found in possession of the drugs with which Crowley had supplied her, while another—the Hon. Mrs. K., died in an asylum.

Unless the authorities act quickly Crowley will succeed in luring others to his den of infamy. This must be prevented at all costs.

RATTLE THEIR BONES!

Board of Guardians and Pauper Burials

JUSTIFICATION for our oft-repeated protests against the disgraceful manner in which the bodies of paupers are hurried to their last resting-places was forthcoming in dramatic fashion a week ago at a meeting of the Romford Board of Guardians.

Mrs. Dunnico, one of the Members of the Board, raised the question with reference to the burial of an aged woman, penniless and alone, who had died in the local workhouse more than a week previously. She complained that eight days were allowed to elapse before the body of the poor woman was buried. Disgraceful details regarding the manner in which the interment was being carried out were described to the Board, and the Chairman had promised that inquiries would be made into the matter, when striking ocular evidence was forthcoming.

The pauper woman's "funeral" gassed the windows of the room in

which the Board were sitting. The Guardians looked out and saw a cart, something like a small furniture removal van, with the name of the undertakers prominently displayed on the sides, go by.

There were no signs that the last sad and solemn rites over a human soul were in progress. Mourners there were none, nor trace of mourning. It might have been the carcass of a horse being carried from the knacker's yard to the factory where they turn its skin into leather and cast its flesh to the dogs.

The dumbstruck Guardians resumed their seats, and agreed to discuss the matter when the tenders for the burial of the workhouse dead came up for consideration.

Is it too much to hope that they will arrange that a member shall be deputed to attend each funeral and see to it that the poor are accorded decent burial instead of being carted to the grave like worthless refuse?

A BEGGING HUMBUG

Exploits of Timothy Todd Potts

IF you receive through the post a letter couched in begging terms and signed "Douglas Carroll," don't trouble to read it. Put it in the fire.

Douglas Carroll, alias Timothy Todd Potts, alias Lieut.-Col. Thomas Todd, etc., etc., is an unmitigated old humbug, as cunning and crafty a begging letter-writer as has ever extorted a penny out of the public.

He has been at his game for over ten years, and we have more than once, during that time, warned our readers against him. Under the light of our publicity he fades away for a time, only, however, to resume his shady practices when things have quietened down.

His method is to scatter broadcast through the post copies of a song accompanied by a long-winded missive begging for assistance and pleading with the recipient to pay 2s. for the useless ballad.

Two years ago he had the effrontery

to associate his name with that of the late Clifton Bingham until a stop was put to it.

One of his letters is couched in the following terms:—

"Personally," he writes, "I dislike this way of getting a living, because I consider it more or less a pest to the generous."

"We heartily agree, and suggest that pests ought to be exterminated, especially pests of ten years' standing."

At one time he made famous the quotation about helping a lame dog over a stile, but he has substituted for this "Need makes the naked run."

We mean to make Mr. Douglas Carroll run, and it will go hard with him if he stops running.

The sooner he runs from his address at 33, Paddenswick Road, W. 6, the better for him.

He should be given a wide berth by the public and a small room by the police.

ALCOHOL FOR ADOLESCENTS

The Yoke of Rediculous Laws
by ARNOLD BENNETT

SHALL a boy under 18 have the right to go into a public-house and order intoxicants and drink them on the premises? Over seventy per cent. of the members present in the House of Commons the other day voted in favour of a Bill to deprive the boy under 18 of this right.

The chief arguments urged against the Bill were that it meant the "thin edge of the wedge of prohibition," that "lusty boys" of nearly 18 often wanted alcohol, that the Bill would produce hardships in certain cases, that the suggested law could not be administered, and that the Bill was an interference with the liberty of the subject.

Seeing that a similar law (in some instances much more drastic) obtains in all our Colonies, the argument about "the thin edge of the wedge" is obviously absurd.

I ADMIT that lusty boys often want alcohol; but they do not need it, and unless all medical knowledge is false it will not help them but will decidedly hinder them in keeping up their strength and doing their work. The whole weight of medical science absolutely condemns alcohol for the young.

As for administering the proposed law, it certainly could not be perfectly administered. But, as things are, publicans have to distinguish between under 14 and over 14, and there is no reason why they should not equally well, or equally badly, distinguish between over 18 and under 18.

Printers' Pie

(Half-a-crown is paid to the sender of every item published. Mark envelopes "Pie.")

"NORTHERN DAILY TELEGRAPH":—"Blackpool . . . 30 HOURS' SUNSHINE YESTERDAY."

"DAILY DISPATCH":—"The man apparently staggered out of the house and was found dead on the stair landing."

"NOTTINGHAM EVENING POST":—"J. McGlynn . . . beat D. H. Norton . . . in the amateur snooker championship by three goals to nil."

"NEWCASTLE DAILY CHRONICLE":—"Miss McCoy and Mr. McDonald commenced dancing at 2.30 YESTERDAY AFTERNOON and continued till six minutes past five YESTERDAY MORNING."

"GIRLS' FAVOURITE":—"She clasped her hands in delight and rattled the handle of the door."

"BRISTOL EVENING TIMES & ECHO" (advertisement):—"For Sale, an up-to-date Mandolin, Piano, Organ, as new, complete, with or without PONY AND HARNES; a good living."

"DAILY CHRONICLE" (advertisement):—"Butchers.—Wanted man . . . must be able to CUT UP AND SERVE A CUSTOMER."

"DAILY MAIL":—"The Saone and its tributary, the Doubs, are causing anxiety . . . the Doubs is rising 2 1/2 MILES AN HOUR."

"WOLVERHAMPTON EXPRESS AND STAR" (advertisement):—"Soft Beaver Sued, Langtry Gloves, SMARTLY CUT WITH INTER STRAP AND LOUIS XV. HEEL, FINISHED BRONZE BUCKLE."

"YORKSHIRE EVENING NEWS":—"The dresses of the bride and bridesmaids are to be made by Miss Handley Seymour."

The remaining argument turns on the question of interference with the liberty of the subject. This is a moral argument, and a very strong one. The tendency of governments is to over-govern. Germany, France, and the United States all offer startling, terrible, awful examples of over-government. The citizens of these countries land in Britain with a sigh of relief at being rid even for a time of the yoke of well-meant but ridiculous laws which would save a man's soul against his will. They all say that Britain is the only free country.

THIS freedom, such as it is, ought to be worth preserving. But no freedom can be absolute. The problem to decide is whether Lady Astor's Bill makes for "undue" interference with the liberty of the subject. For myself I think that the interference is so slight as to be negligible. Moreover, adolescents under 18 are not adults. Doctors are in favour of the Bill; teachers are in favour of the Bill; mothers are in favour of the Bill; and the entire Labour party, whose constituents the Bill would affect more than any other class, is in favour of the Bill.

I am deeply in love with liberty; but I am not in love with the spectacle of boys frequenting public-houses, forming bad habits early, harming their constitutions, and getting drunk.

SAINTS and SINNERS

Pen Portraits of Prominent People
by HESKETH PEARSON

ONE of the first proofs of greatness in a man is the genuine pleasure with which he will welcome hostile criticism. A man who cannot stand criticism, though he may achieve as much as Pitt and rise as high as Napoleon, cannot be called truly great.

I do not say that Lord Riddell is a great man merely because he can stand any amount of criticism, but I am sure that his ability to do so places him on a far higher level than, for instance, the politician he has served so faithfully—Mr. Lloyd George.

When Lord Riddell went to America, the United States press got thoroughly busy with his personality. All sorts of nice things were said about him, and all sorts of nasty things as well. Instead of ignoring the latter and trying hard to forget them, as nearly every leading politician and newspaper magnate in the country would have done, his lordship calmly collected all the notices—good, bad and indifferent—and published them in a book for the private behoof of his many friends.

THAT immediately stamps the man. He is a realist. He prefers facts to fictions. And if I didn't happen to know that he is an extremely enthusiastic golfer, I should say that the collection of facts and figures is



LORD RIDDELL.

the only serious hobby of his life. He is almost a martyr to data. His conversation is encyclopaedic. While another man's mental recreation may be a constant indulgence in day-dreams, his will be the careful pigeon-holing of information for future reference.

THE ex-Premier's wartime perorations were the spontaneous expression of an emotional temperament. To Lord Riddell they were simply "good copy." In other words he is an eminently practical man, who has lived in the world to very useful purpose. He understands to a nicety what the average person wants, and he caters for it. He regards the effort to give the man in the street something that the man in the street has never asked for as supremely futile. He sees no use for an art that has no commercial value. And in the last analysis he is possibly right.

TO a young author of high-brow tendencies who once applied for his help, he imparted an admirable piece of advice: "The public want another 'Tarzan,' he said; 'I've never read 'Tarzan' myself, and I don't know what it's all about, but you may take my word for it that that's the stuff to give 'em!'" Yet there is nothing hard about his utilitarianism. He's very human and even sentimental, and he would go a great distance out of his way to spare people's feelings or to do some deserving person a good turn.

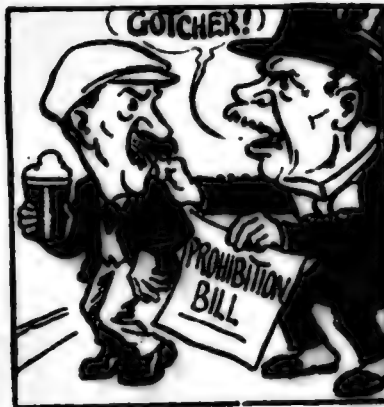
THE most extraordinary thing about him is his friendship for Lloyd George. When the latter was Prime Minister, during the most stormy days of the war and subsequent peace patching, Lord Riddell was his most constant companion. No two people could be less alike. But each is the complement of the other. And when the final chronicle of this epoch is written, it will be found that the ex-Premier's guardian-angel was a suave and courteous peer who doled out sensation and doted on statistics.

CARTOONETTES

by FRANK HOLLAND



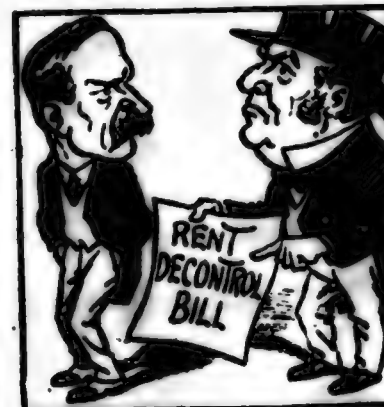
So long the woodman with his axe
Has round the trees been strutting.
We're quite aghast to find at last
He's really started "cutting."



In Scrymgeour's eyes to drink a drop
Of beer should be unlawful;
He'd give the wretch a five years' stretch
Who did a thing so awful.



At their defeats in several seats
The Government may scoff,
But here's a pair of pals who wear
A smile that won't come off.



"This Bill," said John to Bonar Law,
"The People's rage arouses;
They know you meant to put up rent
And not to put up houses."

Candid Communications

(Outspoken Messages to Celebrities, Notorieties, and Occasionally Nonentities)

To Major The Rt. Hon. G. C. TRYON, M.P.,
Ministry of Pensions.

Sir,—For the bitter personal attacks made upon you by the Labour members last week you have only yourself to blame. Over and over again I have told you that the organisation of your Department is rotten; over and over again I have begged you to overhaul it. I know what I am talking about. Every day of the week I get dozens of letters from ex-Service men complaining of treatment that would be a disgrace to a third-class South American Republic. This is a great country and its conscience is profoundly touched by the hardships of these men who fought for it. *They must and shall have justice!*

JOHN BULL.

To the Rt. Hon. STANLEY BALDWIN, M.P.,
11, Downing Street, S.W.

DEAR CHANCELLOR,—I don't want to harass you unduly while you are busy on your Budget, but I hope you will give earnest consideration to the recent remarks of Sir Eric Geddes, whose opinion as the Wielder of the Axe and Chairman of the Federation of British Industries is entitled to every respect. The reduction of £100,000,000 in the current Estimates, Sir Eric points out, does not represent economy, but mere cessation of war charges. Trade is being strangled by high taxes which take the savings which should provide new capital. It is up to you to resist the Treasury wire-pullers and give us a Budget that will bring prosperity and tranquillity!

JOHN BULL.

To Lieut.-Col. HOWARD BURY, M.P.,
House of Commons.

Sir,—Questions in the House are a fine institution, but valuable time, as well as a certain amount of public money, is wasted when stupid members ply busy Ministers with silly conundrums. You, for instance, demand that the First Commissioner of Works should explain why the statue of Lord Napier of Magdala is regularly washed, while that of Field-Marshal Lord Strathairn is allowed to remain dirty. Can't you really find anything more important to worry about in these troublous times? Your keenness for spring-cleaning suggests that your proper sphere of activity is the parish pump.

JOHN BULL.

To the Hon. Mr. Justice M. CARDIE,
Royal Courts of Justice.

My Lord,—You do good service by pointing out that betting is an absolutely legal pastime and a universal one among every class of the community. It is a glaring anomaly, however, that owing to the scandalous hypocrisy which exists on the subject, the rich man can put a hundred pounds on a horse with impunity, while the labourer who can only afford to back his fancy in bobs gets it in the neck every time he is caught handing over a slip. It would be a good thing if other men of intellect besides yourself realised that this ridiculous travesty of justice in a so-called democratic country makes us the laughing-stock of the world.

JOHN BULL.

To Miss WINIFRED JAMES,
Lyceum Club, W.

DEAR MADAM,—In a long letter to the Press you champion the black man on the ground that you have found him, as a servant in his native latitudes, endowed with "instinctive good manners that would put the white servant to shame." Of course, a black man may occasionally be, in a special sense, a "white man," even when he comes over here, but the colour question in this country is something far more serious than a mere question of manners. Why not use your influence and ability to dig a little deeper into the problem?

JOHN BULL.

To Miss MOLLIE SADLER,
Rushden, Northamptonshire.

DEAR MOLLIE,—You are only ten, but you have done a brave action which will colour your whole life. You were playing with a little child of four and the ball was knocked on to the railway line. The baby, insensible to danger, ran to fetch it. There wasn't much time to lose as the express was already only a short distance away, so you ran to the rescue and dragged the child back into safety with about a second to spare. I am not surprised that your fellow-townpeople are making a fuss of you. You are a very brave little girl.

JOHN BULL.

To ALFRED JERRAM,
Wilton Road, East Ham.

Sir,—A neighbour of yours, James Newton, of West Ham, has been sent to prison for ten days for working a horse in an unfit state. You appeared at the Guildhall on the same day to answer a similar charge and got off with a fine of £5. Why, I wonder? In your case, the poor beast was thirty years old, lame on all four legs, and, according to the vet., must have been suffering pain for months. It was gross cruelty, and you ought to have had a dose of the same medicine as the other man.

JOHN BULL.

To the COUNTESS OF WARWICK,
Easton Lodge, Dunmow, Essex.

DEAR COMRADE,—Your offer of Easton Lodge to the Labour Party for "Conferences" was a thoughtful action which has been much appreciated. In case you are at all nervous as to the fate of your china and other breakables at the hands of the more excitable members of the Party, I can reassure you. They are quite decent fellows at heart and will treat your treasures with all respect; their violence of gesture and language is entirely reserved for the House of Commons where unfortunately they still think (quite wrongly) that it advances their cause. Please use your influence to undeceive them.

JOHN BULL.

To WILLIAM GREENWOOD CARR,
University College, Oxford.

Sir,—You and a fellow-undergraduate, Roger Antony Hornby, of New College, have disgraced your University by being hauled up before the Oxford City Magistrates and fined for going out at night on a cat hunt. Your dogs were seen to catch one poor beast and savage it, while you both looked on, presumably enjoying the "sport." In view of your Vice-Chancellor's attitude towards dancing and crimes of that sort, I wait with interest to see what he will do with two callous young brutes like you.

JOHN BULL.

To WILLIAM BOUNDER,
Wirksworth, Derbyshire.

Sir,—Robbing a blind man is about as despicable a crime as anyone could possibly be guilty of. You passed off a worthless bit of paper upon poor George Taylor as a ten-shilling note and doubtless thought yourself exceedingly smart, but fortunately you were detected and fined £5. In spite of what Shakespeare says, there is something in a name, after all.

JOHN BULL.

AN OBJECTIONABLE PUPPY



JOHN BULL: "Hi! Call your dog off and let the hen sit."

Without Fear or Favour

The Editor's Views on Vital Topics

IT did not need a High Court judge to tell us that there is a vast amount of hypocrisy over betting, although the observations of Mr. Justice McCardie lend force to our own repeated comments upon this well-worn theme. The fact is, of course, that betting in one form or another is an almost universal habit, and it is

A Hint to the Chancellor.

mere affectation to treat it as a crime. Far better turn it to practical account, and with this end in view we have a suggestion to make to the Chancellor of the Exchequer.

If the income-tax payer is to be appreciably relieved and the duties upon beer and tobacco lightened, Mr. Baldwin must find fresh sources of revenue. Why not tax betting? That wagers should be taxed before wages, amusements before necessities, is an argument no sportsman will contest. The man who bets on a horse race or a football match can scarcely object if, as the price of his "flutter," he is asked to pay a moderate tax. On any computation the resulting revenue would be very large, and the Chancellor of the Exchequer with the courage to make such an innovation would be able to meet the House of Commons with the smile betokening a nice fat surplus up his sleeve.

It is hard to see how the most severe moralist could object to this scheme which, if anything, would tend to discourage gambling. In proportion as a tax on betting failed as a revenue-producer it would assist the morals of the community; while if successful as a fiscal measure, it would ease the present burdens on trade and so make for prosperity. At the same time it would be a good thing to license bookmakers, and so enable the public to distinguish between the welsher and the honest commission agent.

Sooner or later, we are convinced, something of the kind will be attempted in this country. The practical difficulties are not insuperable; elsewhere they have already been solved, in France by the Pari-Mutuel system, and in Australia by the use of the Totalisator. Perhaps the Chancellor of the Exchequer will be good enough to consider our suggestion between now and the Budget Day.

AS to the wisdom and morality of contraceptive methods there may be room for difference of opinion; but it is an axiom in every civilised community that the destruction

Slaying the Unborn.

of a life actually in being is an odious crime. The conscience of every decent man and woman revolts from such a proceeding. Nevertheless, there is reason to believe that the hateful practice of abortion is on the increase in every section of the community, and the courts have lately had to deal with some particularly bad cases.

Unfortunately the operation of the criminal law in this matter is too often grossly unfair. Almost invariably persons charged with murder or manslaughter through the performance of these "operations" belong to the lowest strata of society, their offence being not so much that

they have endeavoured to destroy the life of an unborn child, as that they have attempted this interference clumsily and without the skill which can defy detection. In short, it is, as a rule, the amateur abortionist who is brought to book, although there is a considerable class of men and women, some of them possessed of a fair degree of skill and knowledge, who make a regular living by this vile means.

The back-parlour consultations of the so-called herbalist are a feature of town life with which doctors and social workers are familiar. The nefarious character of these businesses is barely concealed. If the police would only devote their attention to this scandal instead of wasting the time they do in trivial and unimportant duties, they would discover the extent to which the much-needed increment of population in these islands is being slaughtered before birth.

A vast amount of fraud exists in this unsavoury connection. Apart from direct surgical interference with the processes of birth, a very large trade is carried on in the sale of "abortifacients," those noxious drugs which, while they seldom achieve the criminal end in view, have a most deleterious effect upon the health of women.

That there are medical men here and there who are not above participating in this sinister campaign of race suicide is unhappily true, and with these unscrupulous practitioners the governing body of the profession have been disgracefully slow to deal.

MORE than a year ago a committee, presided over by Mr. Justice Horridge, reported on the hardships suffered by prisoners awaiting trial and not admitted to bail. Since then nothing

Prison for Poverty

has been done to alleviate the lot of these citizens who, by the English law, are presumed innocent till proved guilty, and now

another High Court Judge, Mr. Justice Rigby-Swift, calls attention to the scandal.

In the particular case noticed by this Judge at Flintshire Assizes, two persons charged with a comparatively trivial offence had been kept in prison pending trial for two months, though not only had sureties been offered, but reasonable cash deposit actually tendered. In the end both prisoners were acquitted, so that their two months' imprisonment was the penalty, not of crime, but of simple poverty.

The Criminal Justice Bill lately introduced by the Home Secretary contains certain provisions to mitigate this evil, but in our view they do not go nearly far enough. The trouble is that some magistrates have acquired the habit of refusing bail without reasonable excuse, while the police are prone to raise objections to sureties which would satisfy any reasonable mind. This stubborn attitude may inflict very grave hardship upon innocent persons who have not the means to purchase their liberty while awaiting trial.

The principle is clear. In cases where bail is allowed by law, it should be a matter of right and not of favour. The Home Secretary will be well advised to amend his Bill and so end this anomaly.

It is gratifying to learn that "Comrade" Newbold, of Communist fame, is among the readers of JOHN BULL; equally satisfactory to discover that he shares our

Filthy Films

detestation of the indecent film traffic. According to the faithful Hansard, Mr. Newbold recently asked the Home Secretary whether his attention had

been called to the exhibition of indecent films in London; and if so, whether effective steps had been taken to prevent such displays. This question was one to which Mr. Bridgeman, if he had been correctly informed, would no doubt have returned a truthful answer, and it is perhaps unfortunate that the Home Secretary has no first-hand knowledge of the subject. As it was, the right honourable gentleman was understood to say that he had "seen certain articles in a weekly newspaper," but that this journal had failed to supply the Commissioner of Police with information which would enable him to act.

Now let us see how the matter stands. If Mr. Bridgeman means that we have not volunteered to take a constable by the hand and lead him to the door of the house where an indecent film exhibition is actually in progress, we make him a present of the admission. What we have done is to furnish the police with information which points directly to persons and places involved in this disgraceful business, and the pretence that the facts we have supplied are inadequate is simply part and parcel of the official humbug which allows this evil to flourish.

If the Commissioner of Police chooses to direct an enquiry without fear or favour and regardless of the exalted rank of the principal delinquents, he shall have our willing co-operation. Up till now Scotland Yard has been singularly slow to act, although the facts are known to them. In this matter, as in the allied case of Queen's Gerald, powerful influences are at work to protect the culprits, and until strong pressure is put upon the authorities the plentiful evidence they have will be pigeon-holed while simple-hearted Ministers like Mr. Bridgeman proclaim that all is well.

If Mr. Entwistle's Bill becomes law, as it very probably will, divorce will be made very much simpler, but we confess to a good deal of sympathy with the divorce law

The Divorce Bill

reformers who regard it as a lame instalment of justice. The Bill, if carried in its present form, will allow a wife, if she chooses, to divorce her husband for a single act of misconduct, but it will do nothing to relieve the terrible plight of women yoked for life to murderers, lunatics, or felons.

On the face of it this is a grave anomaly, and if it cannot be helped, more's the pity. That few women will be foolish enough to break up their homes on account of a single lapse from virtue on the part of an otherwise respectable husband, may be conceded, but we are inclined to think that, without imperilling the Bill, its scope might be widened to remove the more serious hardships of the existing law.

THE CALIBRE OF
PUBLIC MEN

by A. G. GARDINER

IT has been my lot for a long time past to live in the spiritual company of the great Victorian statesmen. From breakfast to lunch and from dinner to midnight, in half the days of the week, I have, so to speak, listened to no one but Gladstone and Disraeli, Hartington and Harcourt, Granville and Morley. The result of all this communion with the great figures of the past is now before the public in the "Life of Sir William Harcourt." The public will form its own judgment about that book, and I shall not venture to anticipate that judgment.

But there is one consideration arising from the book in regard to which a word may be said. I don't think anyone can study the period I have dealt with without asking himself a very disquieting question: What has become of the statesmanship that these great men represented?

It is not a mere question of the magnitude of the men engaged in political life. The difference here is, indeed, sufficiently striking. Take the great figures who confronted each other in the late 'seventies and early 'eighties—Gladstone, Disraeli, Salisbury, Harcourt—and contrast them with the leading figures of to-day. I don't think anyone can be insensible to the intellectual and moral superiority of the earlier men. I only know one living statesman who approaches their scale. Why is this? Have we lost "the breed of noble blood"? Or is the best blood of the nation flowing into other channels of life?

One of the most successful statesmen of to-day is a man who, notoriously, never reads a document, never has exact knowledge about anything, lives by his wits from moment to moment, and thrives by "nobbling" the Press and tickling the ears of the groundlings.

The change is not accidental. It is fundamental. We are passing through a phase which has put demagoguery in power in place of an instructed democracy. The cheap Press and the universal vote together have produced the change. The public are no longer treated as responsible citizens who are entitled to be told the facts on which they can form sound judgments. They live from "stunt" to "stunt." They are not given arguments; they are given headlines. They are not asked to think; they are asked to shout.

It is the day of the demagogue. He does not base himself on knowledge and wisdom. He does not toil at statesmanship like a galley slave. He relies on rhetoric and cinema tricks, on bargains with the Press, and deals with this interest and that interest. He makes a Dutch auction of his principles, and is always purchasable by the highest bidder, for he has only two objects, to keep the mob amused and himself in power.

Does not this explain why the politicians of to-day are so inferior in magnitude to the men of a generation ago? Men of character, who regard government as the most important occupation in life, cannot exist in this atmosphere. They are asphyxiated by it and turn to other tasks. Our best blood has not ceased to flow, but it is no longer flowing into the channels of politics.

Is this to be the epitaph on Democracy? It is for Democracy to say.

ALREADY another generation has almost half-grown up since the Great War dug a gulf between one age and another. In but a few years the babes of 1914 will be adult men and women. They will be the vanguard of all those "generations yet unborn" to whom the Great War will be a matter only of history and not contemporary experience. And they will want to know about many things that we, fagged and inert at the end of it all, have become indifferent to.

They will be curious to learn what manner of people we were, called upon to live through such a cataclysm. They will be puzzled to know how a leaderless nation, nurtured by its politicians in the contemptuous disbelief that anything like Armageddon was possible "in the enlightened twentieth century," ever came through such an ordeal, all the more as the great national trial coincided with the smallest breed of national leaders that ever failed to inspire a great people. They will marvel all the more when their researches unearth from the debris where Truth lies buried the stark and simple fact of Germany's responsibility for the war—a truth even now being huddled out of sight.

LIVING, as we hope they may do, in a more normal world, they will be staggered by all the "millions" which make up the "simple arithmetic" of the Great War; and they will marvel how it came about that for our tens of millions of money, our million of dead, our millions of wounded, and our many thousand million physical and spiritual agonies, we exacted no price or penalty from the race which had thrust these things on us. And they will wonder whether, after all, the Hun could have been anything like so black as he was painted, seeing that so many people with British names were so full of pity for him, and that successive Governments let him off so lightly.

THEY will have to puzzle out for themselves what all the "Be kind to Germany" advocacy could really have meant if it did not mean that even we, the generation that went through it all, were driven to recognise that the Great War was only a titanic struggle between a vile Tweedledum and a villainous Tweedledee, between six of one set of bloodthirsty war-whoopers and half-a-dozen of the other, between two foul blacks that bled each other white. And they will ask themselves: If the gospel of "Let's say no more about it" did not mean these admissions, what the devil did it mean?

And so they will come to the strange people called Pacifists, and will try to find out the secret of their influence, and will eagerly seize on any scrap of evidence which furnishes a clue to their mentality, their morality, their meaning. And it is just

SNIVEL AND DRIVEL
by HAROLD OWEN

ARE we all as bad as the Hun? and is the Hun as good as we are? Owen does not ask these questions; he answers them. This article is a powerful denunciation of the contention of certain people called "the Briton should embrace the Frenchman and say 'We are both sinners,' and that then the precious pair should hug the Hun and slumber in peace." "We are all miserable sinners."

possible that, coming across the name of one Ramsay MacDonald, they may actually track down a little speech he made in the month of March, 1923, to the Union of Democratic Control—which will be one of the fossilised remains of this strange epoch that historical spade-work may disclose.

And so I come to the point for which I have been paving the way.

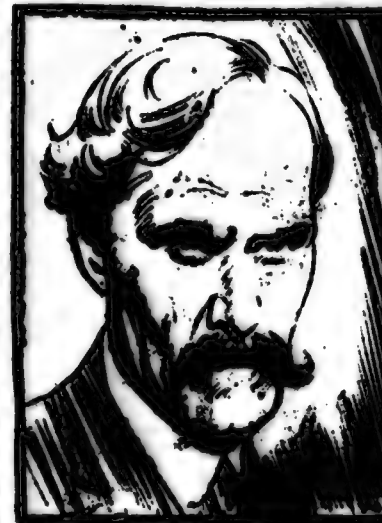
At "a dinner in his honour" by the U.D.C., Mr. Ramsay MacDonald stated, for the benefit of our own generation also, the moral idea at the bottom of the Pacifist's creed. He said that Europe would never come right until its public opinion and its moral sense were right, and then went on to tell us what was the right thing to do:

We should stand side by side with France and say, "We are both transgressors." We should then take Germany in to make a trinity, and say, "We are all transgressors."

And I venture to suggest that such fundamental immorality as that counsel implies and involves ought to revolt the mind of any fairly decent Hottentot.

EVEN those of low intelligence and inferior morality can now see for themselves that it is a creed which is not the Higher Righteousness, or the higher anything, but is merely condonation of infamy and wrongdoing masquerading as superlative morality. It is, in fact, the very insanity of cant. To suggest that what is wanted in Europe is that the Briton should first embrace the Frenchman, say "We are both miserable sinners!" and that then the precious pair should hug the Hun and slobber "We are all miserable sinners!" is to suggest that Europe should complete its moral degradation by becoming an organised hypocrisy of snivel and drivels, and present a spectacle that should be nauseating to the imagination of even any self-respecting German.

I will say nothing of what France would think of such a gesture, but those who remember Cambronne's famous monosyllable will know, at least, what she would say of it. She has no great respect for our intelligence



MR. RAMSAY MACDONALD, M.P.

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VEL AND DRIVEL

by HAROLD OWEN

ARE we all as bad as the Hun? and is the Hun as good as we are? Mr. Harold Owen does not ask these questions; he answers them. This article by him is a powerful denunciation of the contention of certain people called Pacifists that "the Briton should embrace the Frenchman and say 'We are both miserable sinners,' and that then the precious pain should hug the Hun and slobber 'We are all miserable sinners.'"

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We should stand side by side with France and say, "We are both transgressors." We could then take Germany in to make a trinity, and say, "We are all transgressors." And I venture to suggest that such fundamental immorality as that counsel implies involves ought to revolt the mind of a fairly decent Hottentot.

VEN those of low intelligence and different morality can now see for themselves that it is a creed which is not the Higher righteousness, or the higher anything, but is only condonation of infamy and wronging masquerading as superlative morality. In fact, the very insanity of cant. To suggest that what is wanted in Europe is that the Briton should first embrace the Frenchman, say "We are both miserable sinners!" and that then the precious pair should hug the Hun and slobber "We are miserable sinners!" is to suggest that Europe should complete its moral degradation by becoming an organised hypocrisy of vel and drivels, and present a spectacle which should be nauseating to the imagination of even any self-respecting German. I will say nothing of what France would do of such a gesture, but those who remember Cambronne's famous monosyllable know, at least, what she would say of it. It has no great respect for our intelligence



Mr. RAMSAY MACDONALD, M.P.

as things are, and her traditional faith in our hypocrisy is now reviving with some reason. But let us thank God that even France knows we are not a nation of Uriah Heeps, and have done nothing—up to the time of going to press—to suggest we are capable of the abject and grovelling hypocrisy which Mr. Ramsay MacDonald mistakes for righteousness.

His creed is based, to begin with, on a flagrant lie: the lie that England, France, and Germany are a trinity of equal malefactors—England, caught napping at the beginning and left almost bankrupt at the end; France, with a good slice of her country blasted to bits and her ground heaving like the sea with the mounds of her myriad dead; Germany, so to speak, with not a tile loose (which is a good deal more than we can say for ourselves).

AND on the top of the lie comes the demoralised sophistry that transgression does not greatly matter one way or the other, and that, after a great war has almost shattered civilisation, the war-makers shall suffer no greater penalty for their crimes and devastations than being told that they are no worse than their victims. Mr. Ramsay MacDonald professes to think his policy of whitewash for the criminal and the white sheet for his victims is what is wanted to put Europe "right." What it would do, and is *already* doing, is to make the return of Europe to the old standards of Light and Justice utterly impossible; because such condonation of wrong simply standardises wrong-doing, and can have no other effect.

This counsel, that Europe should immerse itself in a bath of sloppy insincerity, is sure, however, to have its defenders. It will have them among those queer people who, the more a policy outrages reason and morality, the more warmly defend it. They, however, can be "left speaking." But it will also be defended by those who are the victims of the fallacy that "sincerity" in public advocacies is the supreme test of their worth, however crack-brained they may be, and who will say, "You must admit, at

any rate, that Mr. Ramsay MacDonald is sincere."

WELL, sincerity is only the beginning of a man's public virtue, and is merely another word for "honesty," which ought to be, though it isn't, the first attribute of a public leader. But, in any case, sincerity is a game which two can play at; and if Mr. Ramsay MacDonald is sincere in saying that it is our duty to slobber salivaceous hypocrisies on the bosom of the Hun, then I am equally sincere in declaring that such counsel as his degrades reason and dishonours the whole idea of justice.

And I am equally sincere when I go a little further and doubt his sincerity. I do not believe, for instance, that any man could sincerely advocate such a course unless he were abnormal in mind and conscience—and Mr. MacDonald can have the choice of the alternatives. And I do not for a moment believe that if Mr. MacDonald could have been the victim of another man's crimes to the extent to which we and France were victims of Germany's, he would be found anything like so eager to assure the other fellow what a miserable sinner he—the Rt. Hon. gent.—really was.

FINALLY, the type of mind that could sincerely advocate such belly-crawling meekness to such an enemy, would naturally and inevitably exude an angel-booby and village-idiot amiability in every relation of life and to all people. But whereas Mr. Ramsay MacDonald is all for soothing our real and external enemies with assurances of our own sins and unworthiness, he adopts a totally different and even manlier attitude to the "enemies" at home; is all pugnacity, denunciation, rancour, and implacable determination to his own countrymen; and has not yet been found to advocate that the way to put Britain "right" is that Labour should whimper on the shoulders of Capitalism what a miserable sinner it is.

FOR these reasons, and others too numerous to mention, I decline to believe in Mr. Ramsay MacDonald's sincerity in suggesting that what Europe wants is a general confession that we are all as bad as the Hun and the Hun is as good as we are—that we should open our arms to the enemy who brought us to the brink of ruin and welcome him with tears of repentance in our eyes and words of remorse upon our lips. On the contrary, I sincerely believe that—in his anxiety to show his spiritual affinity for those he called his "German friends" when they were certainly not the friends of the rest of us—he is deliberately cloaking a sneaking sympathy with their wrong-doing under the pose of a moral superiority which is merely undiluted cant.

THE GREAT DIVORCE SCANDAL

by ALFRED FELLOWS

(Barrister-at-Law).

THOSE who object to the extension of grounds for divorce on the grounds of "laxity" may be told that divorces are already to be had for the asking in our Court by well-to-do people who have learnt the way to ask for them. Dakota and Nevada can do no more than that. But, so long as divorce is difficult for the poor, the opponents of divorce reform seem content that it should remain easy for the rich.

There is a stereotyped routine for these divorces, and the whole process has become such a farce that the social stigma has been removed from the parties. The Divorce Court broke Dillon and Parnell, but has not affected the careers of various popular gentlemen who have been through the modern mill as respondent husbands. For, of course, the polite divorce is on the wife's petition, since even in these days a woman of position must not be found guilty of adultery. That involves the finding of the husband's guilt. But now a man can actually contrive that the Divorce Court shall find against him while he remains in a position to prove otherwise to his friends if he chooses. But if this is done there is need for discretion and good judgment, for it involves a deception of the Court, which is a punishable offence. One Charman, an uneducated man, tried to play this trick in imitation of his "betters" last year, and bungled it, receiving four months' imprisonment.

The process of easy divorce by mutual consent is as follows: the husband leaves the wife, and, if he objects to committing a moral offence—some men do—it is considered wisest that he should play the hotel comedy very soon after, and before the King's Proctor has any inkling of the matter. The hotel comedy is to hire a bedroom and stay in it all night with some very near relative. In one case the part was played by a young-looking mother, who could so testify to her son's fiancée (for, of course, the divorce is always with a view to re-marriage). The chambermaid is lavishly tipped, and a Judge who requires pillows to be creased and a hair-pin in the bed will always find his wishes observed. This play-acting is quite easy.

After a decent interval from her husband's departure the wife writes a stereotyped letter asking him to return. He replies politely refusing to do so—according to plan. No one in the world would be more dismayed than the wife if he did return. She takes his letter to the Divorce Court and obtains her "restitution decree" for the husband to return in a fortnight.

It is not obeyed. Of course, it is not obeyed; an Act of Parliament says it need not be. The fortnight is "statutory desertion"—a much more convenient time than two years. The husband then writes for the wife and gives full particulars of the hotel comedy to the wife, and on it she obtains her full divorce. The King's Proctor is confronted with a *fait accompli*, and the lady in the case has vanished from his view. Charman forgot the vanishing trick.

That is polite English divorce *a la mode*, upheld by those who scream at the "laxity" of giving divorce to a poor woman whose husband has deserted her for twenty years.

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How We Tricked Donoghue

PROBABLY the most amazing race Steve Donoghue ever rode was one which appeared to him the simplest, for the plain reason that he did not know he was riding a faked horse far superior to the rest of the field. Nor did he know that his being asked to ride it was an ingenious trick to allay any suspicion which might arise. The story of that race is unfolded in this article.

by P. C. (Pat) BARRIE—Master Horse-Faker

AT this moment Steve Donoghue is engaged in writing the story of his life. But Donoghue can only write what he knows. The secret history of events which affected him is unknown to this brilliant writer, and I now tell him that, on one occasion unknown to him, he was engaged to help me carry out a swindle! For at Liverpool, in November, 1919, Donoghue won a race on a dyed horse and was none the wiser! Yes, innocent of the fact that he was being victimised by my little gang, he rode a horse to victory.

He can put that in his reminiscences—I present him with a romance from real life.

THIS was one of the fakes I worked in 1919-1920 during which £119,000 passed through my banking account, £39,000 going into one account (I had several) in the first six months of 1920. And Donoghue, unwittingly, contributed at least a thousand! It happened in this way.

I had in my stable, round about this time, a little horse, the name of which I will not divulge because it is still racing "in another place." He was the cheeriest, most honest little fellow that ever looked through a bridle. Sometimes he ran in his own name, but more often he ran in names that never were on land or sea. No swindler ever stood up in the dock of the Old Bailey with more aliases than my little friend had!

If I had put him in a selling race under his own name, we should have had to buy our money. He would have started at 3 or 4 to 1 on, all the opposition would have been frightened away, and it would have cost more to buy him in than we could possibly have won. I could, and did, race him under his own name, and win with him. But when we had our betting boots on, we did not want any might-have-beens.

ANY trainer I employed who came to me and said: "I think your horse has a wonderful chance of winning, but, of course, I can't be absolutely certain," would have been as much use to me as a boll on the neck. I very very seldom bet, but when I

do, I want something that has got the race won before the tapes go up. And my little friend usually supplied that certainty whenever he was slipped into a selling race.

Our coups were often made at short notice, which meant a tremendous amount of work for me; for not only had a horse to be dyed the colour required, and his appearance so altered that he could not be recognised, but there came in the question of the meeting of trains, the exact arrival of the interchangeable horses at the selected rendezvous, and all that entailed a tremendous amount of organisation.

One day, looking through the Calendar, I saw a little selling race at Liverpool, the Ford Welter Handicap.

"What chance has Squire of winning this race?" I asked Marsh.

"Let me have a look at the Calendar," he said, and after a glance he shook his head. "I shouldn't think Squire had got an earthly chance," he added, and looked up the book.

The Squire had won an apprentice race at Newcastle, beating a lot of shockingly bad horses. Previously to that he had run unplaced.

"He might win it, of course," said Marsh, "but he's nothing to bet on. He's been heavily backed before, and has failed. I wouldn't like to risk a monkey on him."

I turned up the book and found that he was in Burns' stable in Scotland. That night one of the crowd got on to Burns, calling him out of bed, and pitched a tale about a man who wanted to buy a little horse that might possibly win a race, asking if Squire was for sale.

The long and the short of it was that, a day or two afterwards, the Squire, who was a brown gelding, was purchased and was ordered to be sent down to Liverpool to fulfil his selling plate engagement.

THIS was on November 5th. In the meantime the little changeling had run under his own name at Alexandra Park, and had run very well, being close to the winner.

Once the Squire was obtained, my little horse had to be changed to a nice rich brown, and I made a hurried journey, though the innocent Mr. Burns was not aware of the fact, to have a look at the Squire at exercise, and take a mental photograph of his points, peculiarities and colour. This done, I got back to Liverpool.

The two horses arrived in that town within an hour of one another. I took delivery: the real Squire

was sent to a quiet place, whilst the camouflaged Squire, looking remarkably like the horse he was impersonating, was taken up to the course.

In the early morning one of the crowd came to me in a state of agitation.

"Burns is here," he said. "Can't you get him back to Scotland?"

This wasn't as difficult a proposition as it sounds. When we ran La Lune filly at Doncaster (or rather when we ran Mexican Belle as La Lune filly) we found that Farquharson was on the spot, and he was the one man who, it was very necessary, should not see the filly, because he had had her in his stable for some time, and he knew that she was a little horse, whilst Mexican Belle was fully grown. If Mr. Farquharson will recall the circumstances of that day at Doncaster, he will remember that, just before racing, he received an urgent wire from his home calling him back—a summons which he instantly obeyed, only to discover that the wire was a fake, and that not only was there nothing serious at home, but nobody knew anything about the wire.

I, myself, followed him to the station, and saw him get into the train. Thus I have pleasure in solving one little mystery in Mr. Farquharson's life, and I take this opportunity of apologising to him, a real good sportsman, an honest trainer and a gentleman, for the trick which we played.

BUT it was impossible to get to Scotland in time to recall Burns. Nor would I have done so if I had had the time.

"Never mind about Burns," I said. "I defy him or anybody else to distinguish this horse from the one he sold. What is more important, go along to Marsh and find out who is going to ride the Squire. If he hasn't engaged anybody, tell him to put up Steve Donoghue."

"That'll bring the price down a bit," said my assistant, to whom I replied that the horse would be a short price anyway, for the field had dwindled down to nothing, and we only had such animals as Skookum Joe to beat.

Steve had to be approached with the greatest caution. He was then, as now, the most sought-after jockey of the day. It was close to the end of the season when jockeys were striving hard to bring themselves to as near the head of the winning list as possible, and anything that looked like a winning ride was eagerly snapped up by the best of them.

My agent approached Donoghue. He had promised to ride in the race a horse that had not arrived.

"I'll ride the Squire—has he a winning chance?" he asked, and was told that "The Squire" represented real good business. So the engagement was duly marked down in his book.

We kept the spurious Squire out of sight until it was necessary to bring him into the ring, and then only when Donoghue was waiting to mount.

"You've got a winning ride here, Donoghue," said I.

Steve, who knows the book of form backwards, was not so confident. I gave him no instructions, because a man of his ability doesn't want to be told.

HOWEVER cold-blooded you may be, there is a thrill in a race under the conditions I raced my horses that is like no other. Will he get away? Will something knock him over at the start? Will some unforeseen accident happen, as in the case of La Lune filly at Doncaster? Will the jockey twist the book on you?

With Donoghue up, the first and last-named possibilities could be dismissed. The horse was pretty sure to get away, and Steve was above any doubtful practice.

The delay at the post was a short one. Suddenly there was a flash of white tapes as the "gate" shot up, and then into his stride dashed the Squire.

What a game little fellow my horse was! I could see him through my glasses, pulling double! The distance was a mile, and Steve had him well placed from the start—the race, I knew, was all over, and I turned with a sigh of relief to Marsh.

"Go and collect your money," I said, before the field was half-way home. Our horse won in a canter by a length and a half—it might have been ten if Steve had pushed him.

SO impressive was his performance that it cost us £600 to buy him in. He started at 2 to 1, and Burns was given as the trainer in "Racing Up to Date," but of course, Burns had nothing whatever to do with the horse when he won at Liverpool. Both he and Donoghue were completely ignorant of the "ramp" we worked with their assistance.

Next week I will tell you the story of The Clown, the three-year-old who was a four-year-old—The Clown who was Jazz, for Jazz figured in other little adventures besides the well-known race at Stockton.

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UNDERGROUND HISTORY

The Bishop Hears a Sermon

by HARRISON OWEN



"SEE that chap in the corner. George—the good-lookin' cove with 'is collar fastened at the back?" remarked Mr. James James, most persistent of Underground travellers. "Well, that there's the Bishop o' London. Nah, nah, George; for the love o' Mike don't show yer ignorance. Of course 'e's not bin out ridin'. Them's not leggins, them 'is gaiters wot he wears to show 'e's a Bishop, so you won't use bad langwidge when 'e's abaht, same as a Scotchman wears kilts, 'cause 'e doesn't know 'ow to put on trousers."

"I dunno much abaht Bishops," continued Mr. James; "we don't meet many in our set, do we, George? They tell me as 'ow this Bishop ain't a bad sort, but, if 'im an' Nancy Astor 'ad their way, me an' you would be terrible thirsty blokes."

"DID you see wot 'e said the other day when they brought in a Bill to let all the London pubs stay open till eleven o'clock? 'E said 'e'd rather die on the doorstep of the 'Ouse of Lords than let it pass. That wasn't fair, because the other Lords jest 'ated the thought of 'avin' to step across a dead body to get to their motor-cars, so to stop the 'orrible tragedy from 'appenin' they threw the Bill hout."

"Look, George," exclaimed the Underground Traveller a few moments later, "'o's smilin' over our way. 'E's a democratic bloke is this 'ere Bishop... Yes, there's plenty of room, Bishop. 'Ere, move up, George an' " in a hoarse whisper, "if 'e speaks to you don't forget to say 'Your Gracious'."

"Yes, it is wet," agreed Mr. James, in response to an affable remark by the Bishop. "That is, if it's the weather your Gracious is alludin' to. So far as me an' George is concerned, we're rather dry."

"WELL, maybe your Graciousness is right abaht us bein' better off without it, but a glass o' beer now an' then don't do a man no 'arm, an', after all, your Gracious, the pub is, so to speak, the workin'-man's club, soein' as 'ow 'e'd be blackballed if 'e tried to get into the Carlton or the International Libril. In fact, George was jest sayin'—now, George, you know you was—'e was jest sayin' thaht it's a pity we can't 'ave places 'ere same as we saw on the Continent when we was there for our 'olidays—open-hair kaffs where you sit an' drink your glass o' wine or beer—or coffee, if your Gracious prefers it—an' listen to music."

"... Well, the music your Gracious mentions might suit some people, but sarms an' nanthens aren't much in my line. Wot I was goin' to say is that those open-hair kaffs are places a bloke can take 'is missus to without 'er wonderin' wot the neighbours will say. The trouble in England is that so many Pussyfooters—no offence, your Gracious—but so many of 'em seem to think that a man shouldn't do nothink in a pub except drink. I see when they asked for a listenin'-in licence for a pub up Nottingham way a parson got up an' opposed it. Now that don't seem to me to be common sense, makin' it so as a man can't do nothink except drink, when 'e could be listen'-in to 'igh-class music or maybe to a sermon by your Graciousness."

"YOU'D rather die on the doorstep? Well, I'd be sorry if your Gracious did anything so drastic; but me an' George sticks to our opinions, don't we, George? ... You 'eard that, your Gracious? Wot George remarked was 'Grrrrh,' which bein' translated into 'Ouse of Lords langwidge means as 'ow the answer is in the confirmative.'"

"The Greatest of These—"

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ACKNOWLEDGMENTS

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THE NINTH WORKS WONDERS

Little Gifts That Enrich the Giver

AS we anticipated, "The Magic of the Ninth" has brought us a large number of subscriptions, varying from a few pence to a pound or more, for our "Greatest of These—" Fund.

While the response to our appeal is gratifying, it is still inadequate for the work which we are called upon to do in relieving the untold distress which prevails, and by way of encouragement for the many thousands of our readers who have not yet adopted this simple method of taking their share in this great charitable enterprise we publish a few of the experiences related to us by those who have tested "the Magic of the Ninth."

The Ninth works wonders!

A large number of readers regularly send us a ninth of whatever money is in their pockets before entering upon any undertaking, great or small. Read what they have to say.

A lady living in the West-End of London, whose name we do not know, for all her contributions are forwarded anonymously, tells us that her principal recreation is whist. She attends a great many drives.

For a long period she was altogether unsuccessful, holding the most hopeless hands. She decided to send a ninth to see if it would change her luck, and since doing so the cards dealt to her have improved so wonderfully that the game has become much more enjoyable and she has been able to win several prizes.

We do not attempt to explain it, but the fact is undeniable. The shillings which the anonymous writer repeatedly sends us testify to her faith in the mystical Magic of the Ninth.

A NOTHER anonymous contributor of whom we know nothing except that she describes herself as a poor widow living in Worthing has such confidence in the wonders worked by the Ninth that she asks us to publish a sort of ready reckoner table of ninths of sums from a shilling up to a pound, as her neighbours wish to participate in the good fortune which has followed her since she started sending us small sums in this way, but not being good at figures are sometimes uncertain exactly how much a Ninth is. Such confidence is born of experience.

A NOTHER reader who does not disclose his name has discovered an even wider application of the mysterious properties of the Ninth. He always sends us his Ninth on the ninth day of the month. On turning out his pockets on the ninth of March he found he had in various coins exactly six-shillings and ninepence—nine times nine pence. He declares it would weary us if he were to recount all the blessings that have come to him through the Ninth, and has offered to defray the expenses of a fortnight's holiday for a worthy couple in token of his gratitude.

NOT only has material prosperity favoured the devotees of the Ninth. Some have found peace of mind and joy of heart after long suffering and mental anguish.

A sorrow-stricken mother living in the East End of London had for months mourned the loss of her eldest daughter. She was a wayward girl who had rebelled against the discipline and dull routine of home life, and one day disappeared without leaving any trace of where she had gone. The grieving mother sent her little Ninth to "The Greatest of These—" Fund, thinking perhaps her lost child might be in need and apply to us for help. Her anguished heart was comforted in a way she had not dreamt of.

A week ago, while she was sitting in the twilight brooding over the fate of her loved one, there came a timid knock at the door, and presently her daughter was clasped in the arms of love, and rejoicing filled the humble little home which for months had been the abode of gloom and despair.

Send us your Ninth, then, to succour the helpless, and you, too, may have your weeping turned into joy.

(Many acknowledgments unavoidably held over.)

Human Documents

Problems that may be yours are dealt with by our great contributor "Humanist." In every case the name and address of the writer is suppressed, and the letters have been slightly altered so that the authors may not be identified. Ten shillings is awarded to the writer of every letter printed on this page.

I AM a victim of cruel circumstances. My father, whom I have never lived with, is now in a mental hospital. He was in H.M. Forces during the Great War.

Step-Mother's Infatuation. "At that time I began to visit my stepmother, who is much younger than my father, and only four years older than myself. She has no friends, and out of pity I have visited her and been a friend as far as I possibly could. The result is, she is now in love with me, not that I have ever given her any encouragement.

"It is not that she is unfaithful to my father, because she never cared for him, but at the age of sixteen she was forced to marry him by her guardians.

"What on earth am I to do? If I stop visiting her, it will only make her burden heavier, yet the relationship cannot continue. I was not conscious of the feelings that were growing within her until recently. What am I to do?"

"Humanist" says:—Leave her, of course. What sort of a man are you that you want to be told?

I RETURNED from the Army young, with the appalling affliction of severe facial disfigurement. The glances I received in the street were at first sympathetic, but now they have become stares of curiosity bordering on vulgarity. Perhaps I am too sensitive, but it is the disregard shown to me by the opposite sex that makes me present this tragic document. I hunger for the companionship of a good girl, but my chances seem to lessen as the war memories fade away, and, as Burns concluded his 'Ode to a Mouse': 'Forward though I cannot see, I guess and fear.'

"Have you any advice or word of cheer in my growing despondency?"

"Humanist" says: The women who are repulsed by your wounded face are not worth knowing. Some day a woman will come into your life who will make you indifferent to the stares of all other women.

CLIMAX OF BAD LUCK. "Four years ago I fell in love with a widower who had been invalided home from Mesopotamia. My lover had a nice little home of his own and our one desire was to marry and settle down in it. But, alas, this was impossible, for he had no income with which to keep the home going—and could not get work.

"In the meantime the little home was let furnished and we kept hoping that work would turn up.

"But no, the demon of bad luck had not finished with us. The landlord suddenly sold the house at a fancy price. This meant selling up

the home as the expense of storing the furniture was out of the question.

"Then, at length, after the long weary wait, work came. A really well-paid position with a well-known firm. But there was one stipulation. This particular job was to be offered to a Single Man only!

"Do you not think, Humanist, that this was the climax of hard luck? Such a post could not be refused—What can we do?"

"Humanist" says:—Your position is not by any means hopeless. Let your lover take the job offered and prove his worth. When he has done so he can approach his employers and tell them his position. I feel sure that they will not then refuse their consent to his marriage. Good luck!

I HAVE been married 16 years and have a family of three. I have a good husband. My oldest daughter was two years old when I was married, and her real father is in New Zealand, and I never know when he might return.

A Mother's Secret. "My daughter thinks my husband is her father, and as she was engaged yesterday, ought I to tell her all, as it is now worrying me, as she may any time find out for herself?"

"Humanist" says: There seems no very urgent reason to tell her anything.

FIVE years ago my sister married a young fellow who, before he met my sister, had the reputation of being a 'bit wild.' After marriage he settled down, and he and I have become great friends and used to exchanging confidences. He has often remarked in confidence that my sister is not so outwardly affectionate to him as he would wish, the consequence being that his marital relations with her are not everything they could be.

Should a Brother Tell? "Recently he has told me that he is meeting other women, and is not remaining faithful to my sister. If he continues in this way, it must have terrible consequences, in which my sister will be involved.

"He is several years older than I am, but I have remonstrated with him to no purpose, as he is of a very obstinate nature. My sister is, of course, ignorant of this affair and is quite happy."

"Humanist" says: The only person who can do anything is your brother-in-law. Telling your sister would not help.

When correspondents enclose a stamped addressed envelope, a reply will be sent if "Humanist" considers that he can in any way help. Otherwise, letters received for this page will either be printed or destroyed. "Humanist" cannot interfere in purely domestic troubles, and he cannot get work or houses or loans for readers.

MY father, who drank and gambled, stole a big sum of money from his employers. To save him I gave up my war gratuity and borrowed money on my insurance policy. He has rewarded me by leaving my mother

The Father who Fled. whom I have now to support.

The woman he lives with has money. He is well supplied. I am temporarily out of work. My mother will not let me sue him, for shame's sake. Ought I to disregard her wishes and see that my father is punished? I agree that a son ought not to be the instrument of punishment to his own father, but if he ill-treats my mother?"

"Humanist" says:—Your reluctance in the circumstances does you honour. Your comfort is to know that you have done the right thing. Your father is a blackguard and should be punished. In punishing him you hurt your mother. Try a personal appeal to him—and make it a strong one. If that is unsuccessful give him a candid statement of your opinion of him.

MY husband and I were married two years ago. He left his old home (where he had been working for his own people), and got less congenial work here, so that I might still be near to my parents. They are terribly lonely, as both my dear brothers made the supreme sacrifice in the Great War, and I am the only child left to them.

In a Foreign Land. "Living here, we are able to meet four times a year, which is a great comfort, especially now that a small grandson has arrived for them to adore and fondle.

"Because of his work, and the very expensive journey to his old home, my dear husband has never been able to see his mother since our marriage. He is one of the kindest, gentlest and most patient of men, and never complains about it, although I can't help seeing that sometimes it hurts him dreadfully.

"It is not quite so bad for his mother, as she has six other sons and daughters living with and near her. My dear husband, you will see, is almost as a stranger in a strange land, but I believe he would 'stick it' for the rest of his life for the sake of baby and me and my parents.

"Any day he could go back to work for his mother, and there would be a home for us. Please tell me if you think I am doing right, or being only selfish, in staying here, and never suggesting to my husband that we shall go to his old home?"

"Humanist" says: Until I read your letter, I thought your husband's parents were living in the South Sea Islands. Certainly go to his people if you are within rail journey of your own.

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Sports and by ROWLEY

FINAL SELECTIONS FOR THE LINCOLN AND NATIONAL—TWELVE HORSES TO FOLLOW.

THE bell on the Carholme, without reference to which no self-respecting journalist commences his article on the opening of the flat-racing season, has tolled, and two days' racing has been concluded before this page confronts the agitated punter. In fact, most of us have time to go broke before we come to the discussion of the Lincolnshire Handicap.

Tons of Mad Money.

I have already made reference to Tons of Money, and the strange dementia which has hoisted him to the position, at the moment of writing, of second favourite. Since I wrote last, I have met people who seem to be in a perfect state of health, and whose mental faculties are apparently unimpaired, who have backed this horse to win fortunes. I know one man whom, hitherto, I have never regarded with suspicion, who has £1,000 each way upon Leslie Henson's "wonder." And everywhere I go, the words "Tons of Money" have been hissed into my ears by well-meaning people who really wished to do me a turn.

Is It Worth Backing?

I am on a good hiding to nothing when I say that I would not back Tons of Money with tons of bad money. I would sooner give it to a hospital. I am not shilly-shallying, or playing for safety, or leaving myself any loophole whatsoever when I say that, if Tons of

Money wins, every intelligent person in the racing world will lose.

Only Broke Last Year.

The reason I oppose him is, first, because he has no kind of winning form. My theory is that only winners win these big races; and whilst I am well aware that the horse did not have the breaking tackle taken off him until the back end of last year, and that he has come on 21 lb. since his last appearance in public, I do not change my opinion that the people who have backed Tons of Money are the same class from whence the confidence trickster derives a steady and comfortable income.

I only hope that his supporters will not be "broke" in another sense of the word when the race is over.

The Clochnabhen Trial.

Another reason why this horse is supposed to win is because he has beaten Clochnabhen in a trial. If they had all this good tackle available, and if they wanted to try him a certainty, why on earth did they not persuade Mr. Cottrill to put in Humpty Dumpty? Clochnabhen tells one nothing. He is a fairly moderate horse, and if it is argued that he finished fourth in the Cambridgehire, I reply that Hasty Match finished third.

Racing Against the Clock.

Trials tell you nothing unless they are trials against the clock, under conditions which will obtain on the racecourse. I

would not back Clochnabhen in the Lincoln if he carried the same weight as Tons of Money. And that's that.

About Monarch.

About Monarch there are all sorts of queer stories. Bob Stivier has told his friends that the horse is well and backed; whilst the trainer also testifies to Monarch's well-being. The thing against him is that he had a very hard season last year, and horses do not improve from their four to their five-year-old days. Still, he has had a good rest, and the age objection applies equally to Roman Bachelor.

My Final Selection.

This week I must make up my mind for a final selection; and in the absence of any news about Psychology, or the intentions of the stable—for it must not be forgotten that he is a typical Royal Hunt Cup horse—I go for

MONARCH.

The Best Outsider.

In a race like the Lincoln most people want to have a view as to the best outsider; and again excluding Psychology, who, if he is backed on the day of the race, will, in my judgment, win, I take Blackland. This horse is now under the care of Billy Higgins, his owner, and Billy is a pretty good horseman, and Blackland's performance last year will bear the closest examination. In my judgment he is the best each-way bet in the race.

The National.

The Grand National overshadows, to some extent, the Lincolnshire race—why the Lincolnshire is run on a Wednesday is one of the mysteries that has never been solved—and, with so many horses thoroughly exposed, there ought not to be any great difficulty in finding one that will, at any rate, stand up and get round.

Gerald L. and Others.

Gerald L.'s performance at Hurst Park was a particularly impressive one, though he took a liberty with one of the fences

which he will not repeat at Aintree without disastrous results. I particularly watched this race, having the National in mind, and I came to the conclusion, rightly or wrongly, that Gerald L. is not a National horse. Apart from the fact that he rapped himself and finished a little leg-weary, I do not think that, fit and well, he will get round as well as some of the other candidates. I must

ROWLEY MILES' TWELVE TO FOLLOW.

For obvious reasons no two-year-old horses are included. This list will be revised from time to time.

Twelve Pointer (mile).
Papyrus (1½ mile).
Simon Pure (any distance).
Top Gallant (mile).
Pharos (6 or 7 furl.).
Wild Mint (5 furl.).
Royal Alarm (mile).
Re-echo (any distance).
Psychology (Easy mile).
Monarch (7 furl. or mile).
Canterbury (6 furl.).
Orange River (6 furl.).

(The best distances given are only approximate.)

make my final selection from Arravale, Forewarned, Sergeant Murphy, Fly Mask and Turkey Buzzard—for, in spite of his poorish display last Saturday week, I have not altogether given up hope that Payne's horse may make a show.

Conjuror's Jockey.

Conjuror II. I heard because of his jockey. I do not think that Mr. Dewhurst is the ideal mount for that country. Forewarned is well and fancied. So, too, is Max, who will be ridden by Hogan, and on whom what money there is left in Ireland will be laid with confidence and freedom. They can't all win; and believing there is an explanation for his performance at Cheltenham, I take

FLY MASK.

My double, therefore, is MONARCH and FLY MASK. My outsider double is BLACKLAND and FOREWARNED.

LAST MINUTE NEWS.

At the moment of going to press, I hear of a big commission being worked for Port Royal. I hear also unbounded confidence in Tons of Money. I don't remember that a maiden has ever won the Lincoln! What is of greater interest to me is the knowledge that the Lincoln course is like an open drain. The going is fetlock deep at the time of writing (Saturday) and that is going to play merry hell with form. Bet light. Another item is that Coultwaite is very disappointed indeed with the performances of Conjuror II. and Fly Mask, and that old Sergeant Murphy is the sharp's tip for the Grand National. If we get four days of sunshine or drying winds before the National, back Port Gun each way. He cannot act in sticky going.

BEST THING OF THE WEEK:
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LINCOLN (WEDNESDAY).	
1.20	Contact (Wild Vine; Alector).
2.0	Golly Eyes (Squamon; Son o' Love).
2.50	Monarch (Psychology; Blackland).
3.25	Ohio (Irish Dail).
3.55	Yowden (Doon Star; Finchale).
4.20	Palmer (Perfectus; Page Three).
LIVERPOOL (THURSDAY).	
1.45	Double Up (King Solitude; Lovely Bird).
2.15	Breeze.
3.20	Gasper (Evander; Will Somers).
3.50	Hogler (Furore; St. George).
4.20	Papyrus (Vambrace; Mosbite).
LIVERPOOL (FRIDAY).	
1.30	Fodder (Galway Prince; Walton's Choice).
2.0	D'Ossay (Black Polry; Helga).
3.0	Fly Mask (Sergeant Murphy; Forewarned).
3.50	Princess Charming (Ladies' Laces; Attervaf).
4.20	Pharos (Top Gallant; Montfort).
4.45	Red Rock (Holy Friar; Unexpected).
LIVERPOOL (SATURDAY).	
1.0	Fairay (Lady Selpner; Count Ross).
1.30	Gerald L. (Gansey; Arravale).
2.10	Fairy Hill II.
3.0	Canterbury (Gleason; Little Uchln).
3.30	Indefinite (Tinspear; Martinique).
3.55	High Force (Goldstream; Black Rabbit).

Sportsmen MILE

HORSES WORTH FOLLOWING—WHO'S FOR WEMBLEY—BOLTON'S WIZARD

ROWLEY MILE STONES.

Argo is Newmarket's best for the meeting.

Soldennis has not pleased the touts at Newmarket. This almost suggests he will win!

Frank Curson's people are only mildly optimistic about Sorai. He has not gone any too well at exercise.

Newmarket's outsider is You You.

Papyrus has wintered very well, but the best three-year-old at Newmarket is Topgallant (Galaute c.), who is not in the Derby.

Watch Ballarat, a two-year-old in Beatty's stable.

The best of the King's youngsters is Pick and Choose, who may win early in the season.

At Liverpool, Lord Derby may open his winning account with Pilgrim's Way, a two-year-old daughter of Chancer.

Canterbury has been sharpened up with a view to an early engagement. Watch this one. Canterbury, by the way, is very bad at the gate.

Many of the provincial training grounds are waterlogged. This will not apply to Epsom, which drains quickly. Epsom horses ought to make a good show at the beginning of the year.

I think I know the winner of the City and Suburban—before the weights are out!

I am told that the Tons of Money trial time was 1 m. 45 sec. I can't believe this is true. That time would not win the Lincolnshire.

P. C. Barrie, whose amazing revelations appear on another page, is going in for what he describes in his circular as "the comparatively honest business of tipping." A rather nice distinction.

I, personally, backed the first five winners at Hurst Park last Friday, and the second in the last race. I don't think we tipped any of them.

You may drop a lot over the "Lincoln," but you can pick up £500 in *Bullets* this week.

Papyrus shaped remarkably well in his first long-distance gallop last week, and is one of the few "classic" three-year-olds whose stamina can be taken on trust.

Since last season, Orange River has been "added to the list," and will be found in good trim for early engagements.

Not many two-year-olds are reported as having "got in front of the old 'um" when tried, but one such is Berberis, a filly in John Watson's stable, who may be seen out at Liverpool.

Jack Jarvis, who is certain to win his share of races this spring, has a nicks sort of three-year-old in Finnart's Bay, who last season was trained in Scotland by Capt. Elsey.

HORSES WORTH WATCHING.

Sowing Machine (4 yrs.).—Over a mile and a half or thereabouts, this upstanding horse will pay to follow. He will always do best, however, with a man in the saddle.

Moabite (3 yrs.).—Albeit by no means the best of Lord Derby's three-year-olds, this colt is not far behind the top class, and properly placed, he cannot fail to win races.

Stepper (3 yrs.).—This horse has been sent along lately as if he will be wanted for an early engagement. He is best suited, moreover, by the soft ground which usually obtains at the beginning of a season.

Pretty Boss G. (2 yrs.).—Walter Griggs usually has his two-year-olds ready early in the campaign, and as this son of Greenback won his trial pretty cleverly, he may shortly do his painstaking trainer a good turn.

THE Cup Final I hoped for vanished with the exit of the 'Spurs in the fourth round, and the Wembley Stadium is not likely now to collapse through a crush, whoever are the competing teams, although, of course, many thousands will turn up to see what the place is like. Not that I am overwhelmed with grief over the departure of the North London team, who have had more than their share of luck, but in their absence the Final will not be decorated with those fine points of the game of which the 'Spurs are capable on their day, but to which none of the survivors can rise to. The finalists should be *Sheffield United* and *Derby County*.

One Survivor.

The evolution of such a side as Derby County are now is an object lesson in careful coaching. Steve Bloomer has been persistent at his work with the rough material, and he has got together a virile side who play fairly good football, and who can also set a smart gallop and keep it up. I rather fancy the County will reach the Final, although for the winners of the Cup, football punters will not look beyond *Sheffield United*. Eight years ago Sheffield won the trophy, but of the players who assisted in that feat, only Cook, the full-back, remains. Injury then left Gillespie out of the side, but he's looking for a medal this time.

As We Said.

My nominations for the English team continue to get selected, and both Mercer and Treadern were to play against Belgium this week. There was a time

FORECASTS FOR MARCH 24.

(Nap selections in Black Type.)

HOME WINNERS.

Villa, Newcastle, Liverpool, Spurs, Middlesbrough, Leeds U., Manchester U., S. Shields, Brighton, Bristol C., Gillingham, Luton, Millwall, Portsmouth, Queen's Pk., Swansea, Accrington, Bradford, Grimsby, Barrow, Tranmere R., Walsall, Wigan, Aberdeen, Aldershot, Ayr U., Celtic, Falkirk, Hearts, Motherwell, Partick T.

AWAY WINNERS.

W. Bromwich, Leicester C., Blackpool, Brentford, Darlington, Rangers.

DRAWS.

Oldham v. Arsenal, Notts F. v. Blackburn, Burnley v. Huddersfield, Preston v. Sunderland, Orient v. Bolton C., Stockport v. Fulham, Wolves v. Barnsley, Aberdeen v. Charlton, Swindon v. Plymouth, Crewe v. Nelson.

SUGGESTED COURTS.

2 Draws—Oldham v. Arsenal; Orient v. Notts C.; Stockport v. Fulham.
2 Away—W. Bromwich, Leicester, Rangers.
3 Home—Spurs, Leeds U., Manchester U., Brighton, Bristol C., Bradford, Wigan, Falkirk.
3 Home, 2 Away—Spurs, Bristol C., Falkirk, W. Bromwich, Leicester.
1 Home, 1 Away, 1 Draw—Brighton, Blackpool, Swindon v. Plymouth.

when fixtures with Continental teams were treated with complacency, but foreigners generally have picked up the game much more quickly than we gave them credit for. Some of our leading professional teams have during their summer tours run into some nasty surprises at comparatively remote spots, and the only asset most of the Continental players lack is the proper tempera-

ment. Mainly they are good winners, but bad losers.

A "Crisp" Return.

There was no more fascinating winger, a year or two back, than Crisp, who recently left West Bromwich for Blackburn. A change of atmosphere often means a recovery of form, and Crisp paid for himself in a week by scoring a couple of goals, which gave the Rovers three valuable League points, and which temporarily removed any danger of relegation. The Rovers at the same time changed a big cheque for Dixon, of Newcastle, and their expenditure in the purchase of players during the last two seasons represents a small fortune. There was a time when the club had not to descend to this.

Where the Money Goes.

The proportion of Scottish players who properly assimilate the English style is not a large one, but clubs continue to pay fancy prices for men from over the Border. Middlebrough thought Joe Harris, the Partick Thistle half-back, worth as much as £4,000, but this view was not shared by Londoners who saw him perform at Highbury a few days ago, nor were the Arsenal directors inclined to change their views on a limited transfer fee. Middlesbrough, by the way, have also increased their embarrassment in centre-forwards in acquiring Cochrane, of Alloa. Does this forecast the end of English football for Andy Wilson?

VIZARD THE WIZARD.

IF anyone in particular took Bolton into the Semi-final of the Cup, it was T. d. Vizard. Next to Billy Meredith, Vizard is the finest player Wales has produced. Some say he is Meredith's equal, but they defy comparison because their methods are dissimilar. Meredith was direct; Vizard has a dozen ways of advancing and relies more on body swerve and a clever side-step than speed.

As he also can use the inside and outside of both of his boots to tap the ball one way or another, he's a terrible fellow to tackle and the rushing type of half-back has not an earthly chance of stopping him. In fact, Vizard escapes physical contact with remarkable ease.

Well-built, but full of grace, Vizard is a real treat to see in action, and if he has any fault it is that he is a bit casual over the direction of his centres.

Vizard's only big club is his present one and the Wanderers paid very little indeed when they discovered him with a small Welsh club.



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SPRING TIME STALENESS.

What The Run-down System Needs.

The arrival of Spring finds most people in a run-down stale condition—they are not feeling "up to the mark," the long winter has proved a great strain for them. Are you one of these? You may not be downright ill, but perhaps you are always feeling tired, sleep does not refresh you, your appetite is poor and you are depressed. Pimples and eruptions break out on the face; sharp twinges of rheumatism or neuralgia may be felt.

Do not dose yourself with violent purgatives; that only thins the blood. What you should do is to build up the blood, and Dr. Williams' pink pills do this speedily and surely. The new rich blood made by these pills quickly reinvigorates the system, your appetite improves, your skin becomes clear, and you feel bright, active and strong.

Every Spring Dr. Williams' pink pills give new health and vitality to thousands of depressed, run-down men and women. Let them build up your health, too. Of chemists, or from address below, 3s. 6d. per box, post free.

Everybody should read the booklet "The Way to be Well." A copy will be sent free if you write to W.W. Dept., 36, Fitzroy Square, London, W.1.

Our Letter Parliament

Wherein Our Readers Air Their Views

Round Up the Vice Parasites.

We hear much about misguided girls on the streets of London, but what about the beasts who live on them and thrive on their earnings? Some are able to stay in the best hotels in London. They walk about the West End and are looked upon as if they were respectable citizens. These human parasites are well-known to the police, yet they are still allowed to continue their filthy calling. It is not unusual to see these specimens of humanity drinking with police officials, who will know their means of livelihood. While this is allowed brothels will thrive and young girls will still be brought to the depths of degradation. They should be rounded up and whipped.—Hubert Bliss, 33, Racton Rd., Waltham Green.

Wives Who Run Up Bills.

In view of the amount of trouble caused in a good many homes through the system of supplying wives with things "on the book," more especially with clothing and ladies' finery, I should think there should be some law compelling these people to inform the husband before granting indefinite credit. We know the wife should tell her husband everything, but how many do? In most cases they start with such a little they think it not worth mentioning, and later when it has somehow grown to such an enormous extent, they are afraid to do so. Shopkeepers know this and prey accordingly. If the husband is responsible for his wife's debts, these shilling deposit people should at least ascertain that he is aware of them.—James Turlton, 10, Caroline St., Chatham.

The New Poor.

I have very great sympathy with the unemployed. I am one of them myself. Educated at Eton and Oxford, I went abroad after my father had failed in business. I worked very hard, taking only two holidays in twenty years. I saved enough to retire on. I lost it all in Russian Industries. I am old, partially paralysed, and can see no future but the workhouse, or the more dreadful alternative of living on the casual kindness of old friends. I do not complain: there are many people in the world worse off than I am. I write this letter because it eases my feelings to tell my story anonymously, and to feel that I shall receive sympathy, though silent, from many of your readers. Poverty is always an ill thing. Does it not come hardest on those who were brought up not to expect it, or to practice how best to bear it?—J. D. A. (Hoxton).

Why Don't Men Go To Church?

The strenuous, high-pressure mode of latter-day living makes Sunday more a day of rest than ever, and accounts, in a large measure, for the major part of church absenteeism. The average man prefers a quiet, peaceful Sabbath by his fireside to the trouble and self-denial incidental to attendance at a mere formal function. Another important factor is the pronounced tone of femininity imparted into the ritual and conduct of religious services which make them more suitable for emotional women than practical, sober-minded men of the world. And, apart from this, the faith of thoughtful men has been shaken by rationalistic thought, and they refrain from attending churches which promulgate doctrines certified by some of their foremost adherents to be untenable and untrue.—G. Green, 7, Westley Cottages, Monument Road, Birmingham.

Brief to the point letters not exceeding 100 words are invited; 5s. is paid for each letter published. Name and address essential, not necessarily for publication.

One Law for Both.

With reference to Mr. Arnold Bennett's article, "The Laws of Adultery," how can the offence of a man be compared with that of a woman? Take the man, for instance, who lives happily with his family and allows his wife, say, £4 per week. He commits adultery, but does not reveal the fact and continues to live in his home as before. Is the woman then to ruin his and her happiness as well as the children's because she finds out that he has been unfaithful? On the other hand, when a woman is the guilty party, she invariably shows her dislike for her husband, and treats him in a fashion which forces him to take action. Are there not enough divorces under the present law? I believe the courts are crowded out.—Reunited.

Thoroughbreds Jumped to Death.

Now that the Grand National Race meeting is drawing near, is it not time for the Stewards of this meeting to "put their heads together" and think of a way whereby the terrible obstacles may be modified? Doesn't it seem a trifle hard for a horse to have to jump the heights and distances on the Grand National Course? There is always keen rivalry for the blue ribbon of Steeplechasing, but surely sportsmen would not see a fine thoroughbred practically jumped to death.—Wm. Edwards, 31, Stockwell Park Crescent, London.

Competing Aliens.

I work in the kitchen of a very fashionable West End Hotel. The staff is being cut down and foreigners brought in, who will do the work for less wages. Is there any way of letting the public know these facts? The directors do not mention them at the shareholders' meeting, when they pass votes of thanks to the staff. It is hard lines to be sacked to make room for foreigners, even if they are friendly aliens. Unemployment is rife here because of our high taxation. Our taxation is high because we are paying our debt to America. Our Allies are not paying us, and their nationals, instead of paying taxes in their own country and meeting their debts to us, come here and take the bread out of our mouths. Do our politicians realise these things? If not, what right have they at Westminster?—F. A., Shepherd's Bush.

Well-Groomed Prisoners.

Surely prisoners of the Law, whether accused of a serious or trivial offence, should be allowed to make their appearance before magistrate, or judge and jury, in as clean and well-groomed a condition as possible. We repeatedly read that "the prisoner in the dock looked haggard, being unshaved and collarless." The effect of this appearance on the mind of judge and jury cannot help but be prejudicial to the unfortunate prisoner who, after all, the English Law assumes innocent until proved guilty.—Herbert Johnson, 54, Warrington Road, East Durrich, S.E. 23.

Degrades in Cinemas.

There is a great and growing scandal in connection with cinemas which has long required attention. The seating arrangements of most picture palaces enable any d generate to sit behind a young woman and annoy her by pressing his knee into her back. I do not refer to an isolated case. The practice is widespread and cinema attendants know it, but say they are helpless in the matter. It should be made compulsory for all seats to have the backs completely filled in.—W. G. C., Kensington.

The Mormon Menace.

Sleek young Mormon Missionaries, with their air of religion, and their glowing lying pictures of life in Salt Lake City, are a menace of the happiness and purity of the fair daughters of Britain, and if it does its duty the Government will clear the lot. What inconceivable moral damage may be caused in districts where there is trade depression if the Mormons are allowed to get away with the recruits they have made in Yorkshire, Nottinghamshire and elsewhere. Lancashire's turn is to come, though the Mormons do not like the methods the men of that county have of protecting their women. Let the Government act before more British homes are wrecked and British women ruined.—W. Donoghue, Liverpool.

Is My Child My Own?

My boy, a healthy lad of ten, is pestered continually at the school clinic to have his tonsils taken out. Our own family doctor says such an operation is not advisable, and yet I continually get reports saying this must be done. Can they force me to give my consent?—Mrs. G. Findler, Rusleigh Avenue, Carlisle.
[EDITOR'S NOTE:—Prob. by your own doctor's certificate it would be an answer to proceed by the Education Authority, but a second independent certificate would make your position sure.]

Save Our School Children.

To prevent the numerous accidents occurring outside schools, could not our City and District Councils erect iron barriers on the edge of the pavement next to the road, and directly opposite the school gate? If such barriers took the form of ornate railing, surmounted by a scroll design, with a lamp on the summit to warn pedestrians at night, they would be no disfigurement to the streets, but in their capacity to divert the stream of children heedlessly hurrying from school to the right and left along the pavement they would be regarded as a pleasing and desirable innovation.—T. McCracken, 5, Jarline Road, Aston, near Birmingham.

Charity Begins At Home.

A fund is being opened here for the relief of children in Russia, and up to the present about £350 has been collected. We have about 600 unemployed here, and the money could be well spent on our own children. It seems very much like the children of other countries come before our own. We workless have often to send our little ones back to school without enough food, and yet money can be raised to feed children of other nations. Russia will not feed her children while others do it for her.—"Unemployed," Salisbury.



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SVNL (Pendleton).—"My great failing is that I am too docile." Oh, ewe lamb!

WORKER (Poplar).—"I really don't know what our Labour Members are coming to." Grief, some of them.

E. A. B. (Carnarvon).—"I cannot understand this craze for antiques." It is positively crazy.

J. A. S. (Address omitted).—"Would you like a series of articles on the rearing of Pedigree Pigs?" No, thank you.

A. H. (Nr. Stafford).—"At nearly every service our vicar preaches about beer." And a very nice subject too.

D. G. (Grantham).—"What were the favourite pastimes of the ancient Egyptians?" Faro was one, obviously.

GERMAN READER (Hamburg).—"One day, I suppose, this country will settle down." Also settle up, we hope.

TOMMY (Peshawar).—"What was the year of the Derby in which The Panther was favourite and which Grand Parade won?" 1919.

W. S. (Liverpool).—"There are rumours here that all ex-service men are to get 6d. per day antedated to 1914." Rumour is, as usual, a lying jade.

LOTOS EATER (Dunfermline).—"Would you advise me to take an appointment in the Civil Service?" It is the one occupation for lotos eaters.

UP FROM SOMERSET (Maida Vale).—"What exactly is a stockbroker?" A dealer in stocks and shares; so-called, perhaps, because he's sometimes broker than others.

EVK (Twickenham).—"I am not inquisitive, but I cannot get my fiancé to tell me all his past." What would you want him to tell you if you were inquisitive?

CARTOONIST (Belfast).—"What would you advise a man to do, who has leanings towards humorous sketches, but lacks a supply of Bradburys?" Sell some of the sketches.

HEADS AND TAILS (Coventry).—"Where is Watling Street?" This was the name given to the road made by the Romans from London past St. Albans to Wroxeter, near Shrewsbury.

AGRICULTURIST (Taunton).—"Is there a sure method of forecasting the weather?" Yes. Carefully study the official forecast, and then prepare for its diametrical opposite.

Z. (West Bromwich).—"I believe that colour has a great effect upon the emotions." Undoubtedly. This is why one talks of "seeing red" or having "the blues."

LICENSED VICTUALLER (Edmonton).—"A clear head is essential in my business." What an annoying life you must lead.

MATHEMATICIAN (Woodbridge).—"I have invented an unbeatable racing system." Send it along, and we'll show you how to beat it.

T. J. (Tollington Park).—"This mania for collecting cigarette cards is perfectly stupid." There's no need to be stupid; we rather enjoy it.

WATCHER (Clacton).—"The destruction of everything is at hand." Our letter bag wouldn't be complete without one such cheerful little message of hope.

HENRY B. (Battersea).—"A six hour day is quite enough for any working man." With holidays on every big race day, of course?

WISE PARENT (Manor Park).—"I make all my daughters and their boys do their courting in my presence." You're a very foolish old woman.

LITIGANT (Brookley).—"Is the ignorance of some of our judges on everyday matters real or affected?" We hope it is only affected. It is very stupid, anyway.

TARABOOMDEAY (Isleworth).—"I am feeling the urge of spring already." Well, cut it out: it cost us 3d.; in your exuberance you omitted to stamp your letter.

PAS COMPRIS (Dulwich).—"Why are Acts of Parliament couched in such obscure and archaic phraseology?" To provide work for lawyers in interpreting them.

PROLIFIC (Malmesbury).—"If you like, I would supply you with some good ideas for articles." Your name just concludes the 321st page of the list of people who want to give us ideas.

P. O'B. (Dundalk).—"JOHN BULL is the brightest star in the sea of modern journalism. May it roll on, gathering more moss each week!" Thanks. A confusing versatility of imagery, but we get you.

AMBIDEXTROUS (Teddington).—"There is always the chance of losing an arm, and children all ought to be taught to use both hands with equal facility." So that, if they lose their right arm, they can cut their nails with their left?

L. R. M. (Herne Bay).—"Even if I do manage to earn a little extra income, the Tax Collector collars most of it." Why not try for the *Bullets* £300—he doesn't touch a penny of that.

F. D. (Bolton).—"I don't suppose you mean all you say in your paper." We do, honest Injun, believe us nor not.

LETTERS must be addressed to the Editor. No fee is charged in respect of inquiries. Full name and address should be given—not necessarily for publication.

ORDINARY MAN (Whitehaven).—"There are some very extraordinary people in the world." And they all write to JOHN BULL.

F. S. T. (Newcastle).—"I am very lucky; everything I touch turns to gold." Could you spare an hour or two to lay hands on a few things for us?

ENNUI (Melton Constable).—"One does get so blasé in these days, doesn't one?" One does, but one would hardly have thought one would in your city.

LEGATEE (Muswell Hill).—"Money is the great blessing in the world." The only real blessing that money affords is relief from the sordid need of possessing it.

JUNIOR CLERK (Brixton).—"Do you think men are as bad as women for gossip?" Worse, some of them, though you'd hardly think it possible.

T. H. (Hartlepool).—"A little recreation is good for everybody." So our office boy observed last week when we caught him playing shove-halpenny.

TOM (Hilston).—"I should like to attend a meeting of the Cabinet." There are three recently defeated Ministers who share your wish.

LABOURITE (Egham).—"The greatest evil of the industrial situation is over-production." Silliest thing we've heard for years. Ever heard of a housing problem?

YOUNGSTER (Hendon).—"What do people mean when they say they are 'temperamental'?" It is merely an excuse, as often as not, for lots of little shortcomings.

F. A. M. (Burslem).—"The ink with which I am writing was made from vinegar." It is so bad that, if you said it was made from lemonade, we should believe you.

RIDDLEMEER (Colne).—"Can you answer the following riddle? 'Why couldn't the viper viper nose?' We heard this some decades ago; because the adder adder handkerchief."

J. M. P. (Leeds).—"I have a very real grievance which I want to lay before you." Then why don't you lay the thing, instead of cackling on for nine foot-cap pages about nothing?

J. W. BROWN (London, W.).—"My mother, whose maiden name was White, insisted upon calling me by it." It might have been worse. Suppose her name had been Dunn?

T. H. A. (Gosport).—"What does 'Cherchez la femme' mean?" It means "Search for the woman," but is not one of the Ten Commandments, so you needn't worry.

J. T. R. (Norwich).—"I enclose my photograph to show you the sort of man I am to look at." Such features are wasted. You ought to have been an angel.

T. R. (Farnham).—"I don't always quite see what your cartoonist is driving at." Won't he be wild when he hears it!

ONCE SCYTHICAL (Hitchin).—"I have just had my future foretold most accurately." How ever do you know?

R. P. G. (Cateshead).—"I can always tell a man's character by his feet." Some men's hearts are in their boots.

X. Y. (Manningtree).—"You don't often flatter people, do you?" No; plain speaking is our strong suit.

G. K. R. (Hereford).—"I ate a lot of mustard the other day and felt violently ill afterwards." You must'a done.

YOUNG AT FIFTY (Wakefield).—"One likes to feel that one is only as old as one feels." Yes, doesn't one?

MAUD E. (Gunnelsbury).—"I should like to meet a really great writer." Call any day between 9 and 6, Maudie.

S. J. M. (Cowdenbeath).—"Some of the answers you give are very silly." Sorry, but they have to fit the question.

S. S. (Lowestoft).—"Do you like my literary style?" It has one merit—originality. It is different from anything we have ever seen, and we are glad of it.

H. K. (Barnsley).—"It is no joke to lose fifty pounds at one go." Nor in two goes if it comes to that. Tell us all about it.

M. P. (West Cramlington).—"Can I write to you for advice as an expert?" You may, on anything under the sun except bees and bi-metallism.

SPRINGTIME (Rickmansworth).—"I heard the cuckoo last night at about five past ten." It had to come! But the time looks distinctly suspicious.

C. A. (Charlbury).—"JOHN BULL and papers like it are killing the British Sabbath." If you mean the dull affairs of our childhood's days we say, "Thank Heaven for that."

H. E. (Manchester).—"A trapeze artiste's job is the most dangerous on earth." Easy to say and hard to prove. "A policeman's lot is not a happy one."

LIFELONG ABSTAINER (Woolwich).—"Is it true that the Boat Race crews train on beer?" Not altogether; they eat quite a lot, but beer is available for those who want it.

CONSERVATIVE (Merton).—"Most of our Labour M.P.s. ought to be sent to school." A good many of them are going—to a school of Parliamentary procedure.

CONSTANT READER (Willenhall).—"I take my pen in hand." Exactly—the wrong end, and then you smeared your hand all over the paper. At least, that is what it looks like.

ENTHUSIAST (Doncaster).—"Life with out JOHN BULL each week is like a kettle with a leak." Admirable sentiment. Does it hurt very much to think these things out?

TAFKY (Crketh).—"Many slanderous statements are made about the Welsh. Whatever is said about them, it is not true." In that case, speaking the truth will be somewhat difficult.

JOE II (Nottingham).—"What are the essentials of good letter-writing?" (1) To know what you wish to say; (2) To say it as briefly as possible; (3) In most cases to type the letter; and (4) To stamp the envelope.

S. C. W. (Swansea).—"Has Joe Beckett fought Boy McCormick within the last two years, and what was the result?" They met on September 12th, 1921, at the Opera House, Covent Garden. Beckett won in 12 rounds.

JOHN BULLITE (Hampstead).—"Do you require any further information regarding filthy cinematograph shows?" Bring it along. Every little helps.

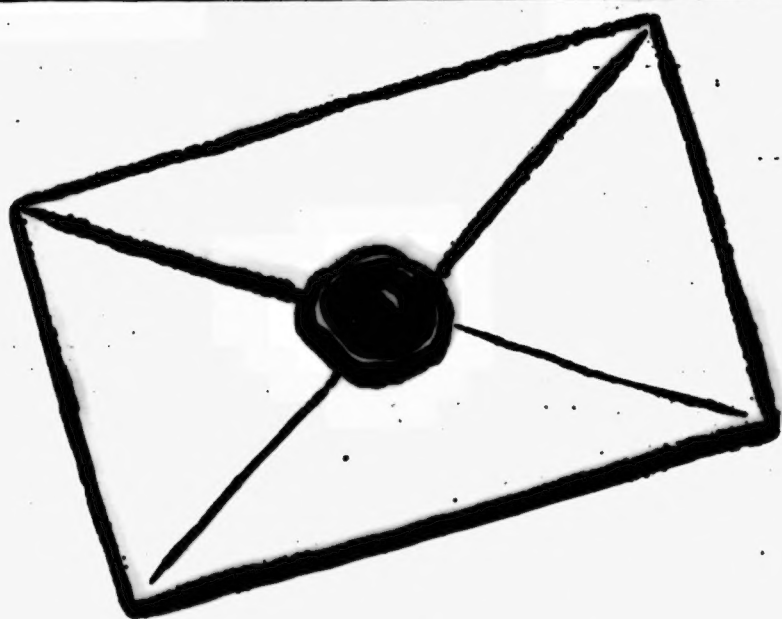
BEAVER (Leeds).—"Should bald heads be buttered?" Not necessarily. But if yours is looking seedy, try a little resin, rubbed well in.

(Many replies unavoidably held over.)

John Bull's Easter Offer
A 2/6 "Everpointed" Pencil

FREE!

See page 28 of cover.



Something that no one will ever know

SECRETS that you can whisper to no one else you can write in strictest confidence to **REX ROYLE**, the modern Knight Errant, who acts as confidant and adviser to readers of "Romance."

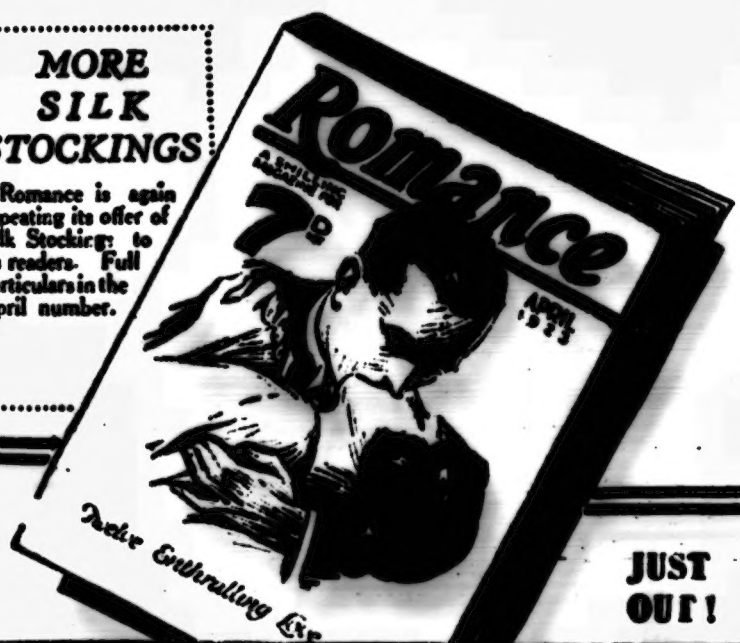
REX ROYLE, the man who knows the secrets of a thousand hearts, has an intimate message for **YOU** in the April "Romance," just out. Don't miss this most fascinating of all magazine features. Other wonderful things inside the April number include:

**12 Entrancing Love Stories,
5 Fascinating Feminine Articles
—in all, 128 Pages for 7d.**

No wonder that "Romance" is the fastest-selling magazine on the bookstalls. A word to the wise: Get your copy **TO-DAY**.

MORE SILK STOCKINGS

"Romance is again repeating its offer of Silk Stockings to its readers. Full particulars in the April number."



**JUST
OUT!**

THE ROMANCE OF BUSINESS No. 8.—GILLETTE'S.

SOMETIMES as one delves into the origins of great businesses one comes across histories that read more like tales from the Arabian Nights than sober facts of the Twentieth Century; and one can rest assured that wherever a business is founded on an invention there also is Romance.

Less than thirty years ago the idea of the Gillette Safety Razor had not been born in the brain of its inventor. To-day, three hundred million Gillette blades are manufactured every year, and each year sees an addition of three to four million customers for the company's product. From Iceland to Tibet, from East to West and North to South, in every corner of the globe the Gillette Safety Razor is in daily use.

"**NOTHING** great," said Emerson, "was ever achieved without enthusiasm." King Camp Gillette, whose features are surely familiar to-day to almost every man in the civilized world, had need of all the enthusiasm he possessed before he was to see his invention a sound practical and commercial proposition.

He was always inventing something, and one day his attention was turned to razors. The basic idea came in a flash—instead of a great piece of steel on which immense labour had to be spent in hollow-grinding, why not attain the same result by putting an edge on a piece of steel only just thick enough to bear an edge? The details of the guard and holder were child's play. The Gillette Safety Razor was born!

THEN came trouble. The steel had to be of a particular quality, and before that quality was determined laboratory tests had cost the company more than fifty thousand pounds.

The hardening of the blades presented endless difficulties.

The blades had to be sharpened—and there was no machinery in existence for putting on the edges.

Razor experts laughed at the whole idea and called it visionary and absurd. In every way and from every side the inventor met with ridicule and discouragement.

But Gillette stuck to his ideas. A company was formed, and with the help of a mechanical genius in the person of Wm. R. Nickerson the experiments were con-

tinued. At the end of a year the major difficulties had been overcome; the razor was a commercial proposition. But now the capital was exhausted; failure again seemed inevitable.

Gillette, however, was more fortunate than many inventors, for the odd chance turned up and the miracle happened.

When it seemed that the end had really come he met by chance a former financial friend, and he agreed to back the invention. A new company was formed, and from that day it has never looked back. To-day the name of Gillette is a household word to literally millions. It is a story that, for sheer breathless romance, has few parallels in the history of commerce.



KING C. GILLETTE.

"The outstanding qualities of Mr. Gillette," said W. R. Marshall, Managing Director of the English distributing company, "are his human kindness, his democratic mind and, from the business standpoint, his foresight and his genius as regards mechanics. But though he can envisage a problem he must leave the working out of the details to others. His weakness is books. He is a bookworm; and he is guilty of having written several books himself on 'World Co-operation,' for he is a keen student of social problems."

The staff on this side of the Atlantic all speak of him as a personal friend, and the atmosphere of the offices in Great Portland Street is noticeably one of comradeship and happy co-operation.

W. R. Marshall is proud of the fact that every member of the staff is a stockholder in the company with a personal interest in the growth of the business, and he unhesitatingly claims them as some of the keenest salesmen in the world. He is equally unhesitating in ascribing the immense success of the Gillette Safety Razor to two factors—advertising genius combined with a product that will pass the severe test of practical use.

SOMETHING FOR NOTHING A Moral for the Unregistered Reader

COMPARISONS are usually odious, but occasionally they are both illuminating and useful.

We have frequently invited our readers to compare the terms of our Free Insurance Gift with other Newspaper Insurance Schemes, and to compare the benefits we offer with those obtainable from an Insurance Company at a cost several times that of this paper.

Mr. T. Nelson, writing from 30, East Road, Irvine, Ayrshire, has done so.

"Being a policy holder in the Company," he says, "who state in their advertisements that they have funds of 110 millions, I have been comparing their benefits with those offered in **JOHN BULL**, and I must say I find a vast difference.

"It will not occupy much space to give you their terms. I pay twopence per week, and when I turn up my toes my next of kin will receive £20.

I have been paying into this concern for about 25 years, and having booked my passage for abroad, I asked their agent here how much I would receive for surrendering my policy, and was informed that the amount would be nothing.

"When I consider that a first-class

weekly journal well worth twopence in itself insures one from illness and nearly every accident it makes me think furiously."

Exactly!

That is why we continue to invite our unregistered readers to make these comparisons.

We want to make them think.

The registered reader of **JOHN BULL** also pays twopence per week—and receives each week the full value for this twopence in the shape of the best weekly journal to be obtained for the money. Should he die his next-of-kin receives a sum varying from £500 to £250, according to the cause of death.

And in addition he is protected against illness and accident and damage to his home.

And he gets all this, not for nothing, but in return for the few minutes spent in signing and posting the registration forms on page 2.

If this is not something for nothing it is the next best thing—it is a big profit on a very little expenditure which is the ideal of sound business.

Think furiously! And act quickly!

Sign the registration forms now.

MARCH 24, 1923.

JOHN BULL

For New Competitors.

WITH a view to seeking new competitors we direct attention to another and still more fatal mistake that is common amongst a section of our entrants. It may be aptly described as the thoughtless and pointless *Bullet*. There have been numerous instances of this in the £1,500 Competition, the result of which is published this week. For instance, it must, on reflection, be quite apparent that "Million To One—I Don't Win First," and "Prosperous Times—For This Week's Winner" are efforts that cannot by any stretch of imagination be regarded as original or meritorious. There are, also, other equally defective specimens:—"Monday Morning—Father Visits Pawnshop," and "Mother's Joy—When Baby Arrives." With respect to the first, it is so obvious that many are unfortunately compelled to have recourse to "Uncle's" on Monday morning that it is not surprising it has occurred to a number of competitors to use it as a *Bullet*. The second illustration is merely a plain statement of fact. In both cases the competitors have seized upon the first and easiest idea that has come into their heads, without troubling to consider whether it possesses originality. It is the thoughtful and original lines, such as those published below, which will always prove successful.

RESULT OF "BULLETS" COMPETITION No. 476.

FIRST PRIZE OF £1,500:

MR. JOHN HOPE,

69, Orpington Road, Wincoburne Hill, N.E.1.

Example: GROWING FAST

Bullet:—INDIGNATION—NATION "INDIGS."

SECOND PRIZE OF £250:

MISS ALICE JACKSON,

Bromley, Kent.

Example:—PROSPEROUS TIMES

Bullet: THEN "BULLET" DIFFERENTLY PRO-
NOUNCED.

THIRD PRIZE OF £100:

MR. H. GREY,

62, Northgate Road, Woking, Kent.

Example:—MY DEAR

Bullet:—ABSENT-MINDED JUDGE—LADY BARRISTER.

10 Prizes of £25 each:

Miss M. HEALE, 76, High Street, Glastonbury, Som.

His Ring—He Comes LYNATIC'S WIFE'S HANDCUFF.

(Sent in on free "Target" prize coupon.)

W. A. WOODWARD, 23, Compton Street, Leeds.

World Of Trouble—AMERICA THIRSTY—EUROPE

THIRSTY.

Miss F. BAILEY, 8, Dunbar Road, Wood Green, N. 22.

Man Who Knows—ROADS FACE, THEN REFERENCE.

W. BERRY, 21, Nelson Gardens, Hammermith, W. 6.

London—FINDS "WHITE HOUSE" EXPENSIVE.

F. SMITH, 27, Salisbury Road, Exeter.

Not A Sound—EXCEPT DETECTIVES SHORING OUT.

A. MOORE, C.A. "Waterloo House," North Walsham,

Norfolk.

When Cream Comes—Rich Lose Their Philo-

sophy.

Mr. F. COLLIER, 131, Norfolk Street, Swansea.

Monday Morning—Optim Dan Becomes "LAUN-

DRY."

W. JORDAN, 239, Exchange Rd., West Bridgford, Notts.

Lot To Learn—SEVENTEEN, "Times Of Life."

Mr. E. MOORE, "Hawthorn," Central Prom.,

Douglas, I.O.M.

Liberty—Employer's Definition Of Advice.

J. H. DAVEY, 24, Western Avenue, Ashford, Kent.

Man Who Knows—CAN "RUN THINGS FINE."

10 Prizes of £2 10s. each:

W. ANTON, 1, Central Parade, East Fitchley.

Growing Fast—Film Censor Into CHAIR.

Robert Gray, 14, Commercial Street, Ipswich,

Sheltham.

Chopped Out—INDIGNATION—TILL NEXT EXECU-

TION.

E. TUBBS, 11, Redcliffe Avenue, Cardiff.

What I Say—Confession—But Not Yourself.

J. HANNAH, Daisy Terrace, Dagen, N. 11.

In A Minute—Gown Room—BURN—BURNING.

John C. Morris, 7, Brookland Road, Llandrindod

Wells.

Just A Few—Forget Employer Needs REMUNERA-

TION.

H. A. ALTON, The Sunflower, 18a, Pool Road,

Longton, N. 11.

In Same Boat—Gown Films Should RETURN.

Cyril C. BARNES, Talbot Villa, 16, Avenue Road,

Ischen, Southampton.

News—At Olympia, Improved SUNBATH.

J. C. MEAD, 75, Cavendish Road, N.W. 1.

Our First Day—Gendarm—Out Of Paris.

Cyril Brock, Barroway Drive, Downham, Norfolk.

Wellcome Back—Conventions For Out FARE.

JOHN HARTLEY, 146, Brook Hill, Sheffield.

Liberty Of Carnival, REDUCES EMPLOYMENT.

"BULLETS" EASTER OFFER!

Bullets First Prize

£500

25 PRIZES OF 10/6
100 PRIZES OF 5/

2ND PRIZE

£50

3RD PRIZE

£10

10 PRIZES OF £5

10 PRIZES OF £2 10

2000 POPULAR NOVELS

500 PRIZES OF 2/6

2000 "TARGET" PRIZES

LIST OF EXAMPLES FOR "BULLETS" COMPETITION No. 479.

WHEN LONDON SLEEPS
FLAT SEASON
A GOOD PAL
A BLACK
SPRING CLEANING
OLD AND YOUNG
GOLDEN DREAMS
ACCORDING TO TASTE
LOST ART
HAD
ON THE WAY
TRUE LOVE
A TOSS-UP
ANOTHER TIME
WELL BACKED
GOING CHEAP
STICKING TO IT
ARTFUL BOGGER
KICKING
A BEAUTY
SMALL BOY
NEW MOVE
COMES AND GOES
NOTHING IN IT
BY ACCIDENT
A HANDFUL
SECOND NIGHT
IN PERIL
FREE OF DUTY
WAY OF THE WORLD
UP THE GARDEN
ROUGH PASSAGE

"BULLETS" RULES.

- The First Prize will be awarded for what, in the opinion of the Judges in consultation with the Editor, is the best "Bullet" received, and the other prizes in order of merit, the best being cleverness, aptness, and originality.
- "Bullets" must be plainly written on one of the coupons, and only two attempts may be written on each coupon.
- All four coupons may be used, and a postal order enclosed at the rate of 6d. for each coupon made use of, which must be made payable to JOHN BULL and crossed and Co. Competitors must write their names and addresses and the date of sending the order on the back of the postal order, the number of which must be duly noted on each coupon submitted. Coupons must not be mutilated.
- All coupons arriving too late to be judged with absolute thoroughness will be duly returned.
- The Editor undertakes that every "Bullet" received shall have careful consideration by a competent staff of qualified judges.
- The Editor's decision on any matter of dispute arising in connection with this competition must be accepted as final and legally binding in all respects, and acceptance of this rule is an express condition of entry.

SPECIAL REWARD PRIZES.—Coupons for 25, 50, and 100 competitors will be paid to the competitors from whom the number of the three "Bullets" is taken in competition No. 479. The complete list of all such and other Prize-winners can be seen at the place of "John Bull."

HOW TO MAKE "BULLETS"—NO LETTER RESTRICTIONS.
All you have to do is to choose any of the Thirty-two examples given. Then give any Two, Three, or Four words having some bearing on the example chosen. The Two, Three, or Four words you give can EACH begin with any letter in the alphabet. This example will guide you: Example:—MY MISFORTUNE. Bullet:—"GREY MATTER" OUTSIDE HEAD. The entry fee for one coupon is 6d. If sending more than one, enclose a postal order at the rate of 6d. for each coupon made use of.

ADDRESS ALL COUPONS TO "Bullets" No. 479, "John Bull," Long Acre, London, W.C. 2.

No. _____ Closing Date, Thursday, April 5.

Example _____

Bullet _____

Example _____

Bullet _____

(479) P.O. No. _____ Signed _____

I agree to enter this Competition in accordance with the rules and conditions announced on this page. Address _____

With 1 Coupon, send P.O. for 6d.

No. _____ Closing Date, Thursday, April 5.

Example _____

Bullet _____

Example _____

Bullet _____

(479) P.O. No. _____ Signed _____

I agree to enter this Competition in accordance with the rules and conditions announced on this page. Address _____

With 2 Coupons, send P.O. for 12d.

No. _____ Closing Date, Thursday, April 5.

Example _____

Bullet _____

Example _____

Bullet _____

(479) P.O. No. _____ Signed _____

I agree to enter this competition in accordance with the rules and conditions announced on this page. Address _____

With 3 Coupons, send P.O. for 18d.

No. _____ Closing Date, Thursday, April 5.

Example _____

Bullet _____

Example _____

Bullet _____

(479) P.O. No. _____ Signed _____

I agree to enter this competition in accordance with the rules and conditions announced on this page. Address _____

With 4 Coupons, send P.O. for 24d.

If you desire to send in further "Bullets" you can write them on plain paper.

SELECTION OF EXAMPLES FOR "BULLETS" COMPETITION No. 481.

FRIENDS AGAIN—HARROW PATH—WAY THE WIND BLOWS—HAPPY FELLOW—GLASS WAR—PAYING THE WAY—SEX EQUALITY—POOR SHARE—COLOURED—A THORN—SHEDS OUT—FACTS AND FIGURES—WARRING OFF—ALL AT ONCE—A VISION—TRUSTLESS—SEN CHANCE—LETTING CAT OUT—WEAK SPOT—UP TO ENJOY.

These examples can be made use of on the Coupons above, as I must reach us on or before THURSDAY, APRIL 19th. All Coupons so used must be marked clearly with the number 481 in the top left hand corner, and envelopes containing these Coupons must be addressed "Bullets" No. 481, John Bull, Long Acre, London, W.C. 2. Send Coupons must not contain any of the thirty-two examples for Competition No. 479.

From January 1st, 1923, the price of

WRIGHT'S Coal Tar Soap

(Toilet and Nursery)

Save your
Wrappers

has been
reduced to

6d.

per
tablet

Save your
Wrappers

and Bath size 10d. per tablet.

In this connection, the Proprietors have pleasure in announcing a

PRIZE COMPETITION

The Prizes will be awarded to those who send the greatest number of wrappers not later than April 30, 1923, under the following conditions:

£500 in Cash Prizes.			
1st Prize	£100	20 prizes of	£10
2nd Prize	£50	15 prizes of	£5
3rd Prize	£25	25 prizes of	£2

CONDITIONS

1. Only printed wrappers which cover the outside of each tablet of Soap will be considered.
2. Each parcel of wrappers must bear the name and address of the sender, and the total number sent must be clearly written.
3. Wrappers should be neatly folded, delivered either by Registered Post, or otherwise in a sealed packet to address as under.
4. Names and addresses of Prize Winners will be published in the "Daily Mail," "Daily Express," "Daily Mirror," "Daily Sketch," May 31st.
5. In the event of ties, the prizes will be divided. The decision of the Managing Director of Wright, Layman & Unwin, Ltd., will be final, and no correspondence in connection with this Competition will be entered into. Address: Prize Competition, Wright's Coal Tar Soap, 44/50, Southwark Street, London, S.E.1.

Last day for receiving wrappers, April 30, 1923.

What
you
get.

The new model
S/- John Bull
Self-Filling Pen
containing all
the up-to-the-
minute im-
provements of
the most ex-
pensive makes,
and - A 2/-
"Everpointed"
Pencil FREE
complete with
refill, rubber
and clip.

"JOHN BULL'S" EASTER OFFER

**This 2/6
Everpointed Pencil
given FREE!**

With the new model S/-
"John Bull" Self-Filling Pen.

Try the Pen for 3 days before
parting with your money.

The John Bull Pen Co. has done a revolutionary
thing. It has given to the world a Pen of infinitely
better value than has ever been known before - the
new model "John Bull" lever self filling Pen.

Before parting with your money, we want you to
try the pen for three days. If you think it to be all
we claim for it, remit the price, otherwise return it.
Naturally only our unbounded faith in the Pen could
make such a liberal offer possible.

And now comes the climax. With every Pen we
give you FREE a handsome "Everpointed" Pencil,
complete with refill, rubber and clip.

By using the coupon, you can see what you get
before you buy. Send NOW!

SEND NO MONEY.

"JOHN BULL" PEN DEPARTMENT,
LONG ACRE, LONDON, W.C.2.

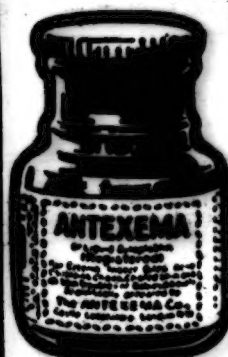
Send me on 3 days approval the new model "John
Bull" S/- Lever Self-Filling Pen. If I keep it I
will remit P.O. for 3/- (including ad. for postage),
and accept the 2/- "Everpointed" Pencil free.
Should I decide not to keep it, then I agree to return
Pen and Pencil within 3 days.

NAME

ADDRESS

DATE

State if brand, medium or fine nib required. Cross
P.O. "A. Co." and make payable to "John Bull."



**That's what You
want for Your
Skin Trouble**

Are you worried by eczema, which tortures you day
and night? Are you disfigured by face spots?
Are your hands red, rough or cracked? Is there an
itching rash on your back or chest? Have you
a bad place on your leg that refuses to get better?
Antexema, of which we offer a Free Trial, is a certain
remedy for every one of these troubles. Whatever
your skin complaint, Antexema will cure it completely
and permanently. Eczema, bad legs, bad hands,
babies' skin troubles, pimples, rashes, and all irritated,
inflamed or diseased skin conditions are conquered
by Antexema. The healing process starts immediately,
every day you see a steady improvement, and soon
every sign of skin illness disappears.

Antexema is supplied by all chemists and stores. Also of Boots, Harrod's,
Selfridge's, Whiteley's, Funnell's, Taylor's Drug Co., Timothy White's, and
Lewis and Deane's, at 2s. and 2s. 3d., the larger size being more economical;
or post free direct, 2s. and 2s. 3d., from Antexema, Castle Laboratory, London,
N.W.1. Also throughout India, Australasia, Canada, and Africa.

Absolutely Free

A Free Trial of Antexema and our Gift Offer together with Booklet "Skin Troubles" for
every reader. Sign this form or write to Antexema, Castle Laboratory, London, N.W.1.

NAME

ADDRESS

JOHN BULL